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FISHER'S  
DRAWING ROOM  
SCRAP-BOOK.

MDCCCLXI.

WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARY HOWITT.

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THE  
DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

IOANNINA.

THE SCENE OF ALI PACHA'S LIFE AND DEATH.

THE mountains; the serenest air;  
The valleys like to paradise;  
The water as a mirror fair,  
Wherein the sun reflected lies!

How worthy of that ancient land,  
To every thoughtful spirit dear,  
Are all the features soft and grand,  
That we behold depicted here!

Yet the old race is passed and gone;  
No oak is on Dodona's brow,  
And the black stream of Acheron  
Is but a common river now.

And there, beneath this mountain's crest,  
Beside this blue lake's peaceful brink,  
Where in old times the gods might rest,  
Or godlike poet stoop to drink,

A lawless chieftain made his hold,  
And gathered here his various clan,—  
The wild, the desperate, and the bold,  
Meet followers of a reckless man!

And here, more powerful far than he,  
With all his thousands fierce and wild,  
Came, full of youth and poetry,  
The fervent and adventurous "Childe."

He cast a glory o'er this scene,  
Even as if some god of old,  
A dweller on its hills had been,  
And turned its streams to streams of gold.

And Ali's name with his is blent :—  
Yet pilgrims coming from afar,  
Proclaim a noble sentiment,  
That song is mightier than war !

Ioannina, or, as the Turks pronounce it, Yania, was an obscure village, until the usurpation of the famous Ali Pacha, who made it the capital of his kingdom. Seated on the western shore of a magnificent, navigable lake, the sublimity of whose character is much increased by the stupendous mountains that overhang the opposite brink, and surrounded by fertile plains, it is extraordinary that Yania never attracted the attention of either Greeks or Romans, who were successively its masters. The merit of founding a city, in this picturesque and secure position, was reserved for Ali Pacha. This wily chieftain erected two strong fortresses to protect his capital. one on the promontory that projects into the lake ; the other, called Litharitzta, on a rock in the centre of the city. In the former of these was his seraglio, in the latter his own palace, and, to adorn this superb residence, all the resources of art in civilized Europe were put in requisition. Having assembled in his beautiful city a population of 40,000 souls, established schools and literary institutions, he was assassinated, in the midst of all his worldly pomp, by order of Mahomet II.

## BAPTISMAL FONT.

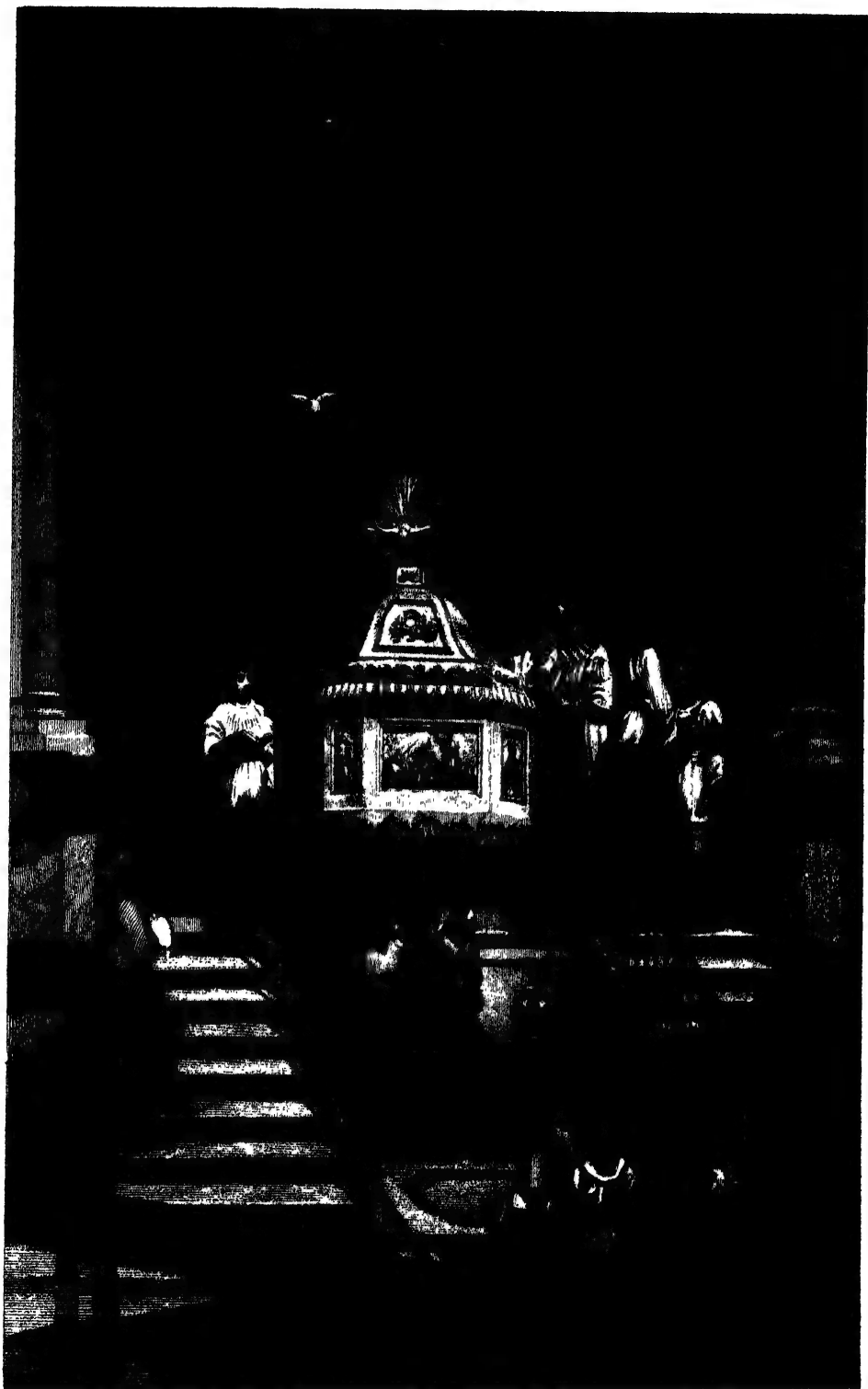
CATHEDRAL AT PALERMO.

PRINCES and kings upreared the mighty fane,  
Through whose dim aisle a painted gleam is cast,  
Rich with the purple and the violet vein,  
That science through the burning furnace past—  
An emblem how the soul shines forth at last,  
So purified by trial on this earth,  
To glory, radiant with immortal birth.  
Sculptured the walls, for beauty unsurpassed.  
Yet hither doth the peasant bring her child  
To Him who on such offering hath smiled.  
Said He not on the Mount, The child—the poor—  
Are of the welcome ones at Heaven's high door ?

L. E. L.









## KATHERINE AIRLIE.

### FRONTISPIECE.

OH, take that picture from the wall !  
Dark shadow o'er my soul doth fall !  
The past, the past returneth all !  
                    Why didst thou die so early ?  
I dare not look upon thy face ;  
Grief rends my heart like black disgrace ;  
I think upon thy last embrace,  
                    Ill-fated Katherine Airlie !

'Thy father's bending form I see ;  
Thy gentle mother's trust in me,—  
I think of them, then think of thee,  
                    And curse myself severely !  
I loved thee in my sinless youth ;  
Thou gavest me thy maiden truth ;  
'Thy heart, thy love, thy life in sooth,  
                    My generous Katherine Airlie !

Thou never spakest word unkind !  
I only bore an altered mind ;  
I, I was fool, perverse, and blind ;  
                    Thou loved'st me sincerely !  
Thou never spakest word severe ;  
I saw unmoved thy pleading tear ;  
'Thy words of woe I would not hear,  
                    Heart-broken Katherine Airlie !



Thou art avenged, mine injured wife !  
I with myself have bitter strife :  
I feel the curse is on my life.

And I deserve it fairly !  
I cannot bless thee now I would !  
Thou hast departed to the good.  
It was not meet, not just I should,  
Who wrong'd thee, Katherine Airlie !

Oh, let me go ! I feel this room  
Like to some prison-house of doom,  
More dark, and narrower than the tomb,  
Where thou art gone so early !  
But little hold of life I have !  
My brain is rocking like the wave !  
Thou wilt not spurn me from thy grave,  
My wife, my Katherine Airlie !

Among the old traditions of my own family, is one which always interested me greatly. It is of a gentleman whose name was John Vavasour. He was handsome, and of good fortune ; and, about the age of five-and-twenty, married a young lady from the north, by name Katherine Airlie. She was of good family, but without fortune ; singularly handsome, and of the most amiable manners. Vavasour was of dissipated habits, and lived much in London, associating with the gayest men of the time. He never acknowledged himself as married, but kept his wife, whom he treated with great neglect, and even cruelty, at a small house in Huntingdonshire. His dissipation led to his ruin ; and with broken health, and sorely diminished means, came remorse, and some kindly affection towards his unoffending and ill-used wife. Like the prodigal son, he returned, intending to atone for so many years of unkindness : but he came too late ; she had been buried only a few days, having died, as was believed, of a broken heart. His distress of mind at this unlooked-for event, overturned his reason, and for about seven or eight years thereafter, he was the inmate of a madhouse. His latter days, however, were calm and comfortable. The beloved chronicler of my family histories, knew him, in her early youth, as a remarkably well-dressed, but taciturn old gentleman, living with two servants in Hammersmith ; employing himself in the cultivation of vines, and of balsams, then lately imported into this country. She remembered also, to have seen a portrait, said to be that of Katherine Airlie, otherwise Mrs. Vavasour, and from her description, it could not be unlike the beautiful face to which I have here given her name.









# THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

## YOUTH AND SUMMER.

SUMMER's full of golden things !  
Youth it weareth angel's wings !  
Youth and love go forth together,  
In the green-leaved summer weather,  
                                Filled with gladness !  
Summer, rich in joy it is,  
Like a poet's dream of bliss ;  
Like unto some heavenly clime !  
For the earth in summer-time  
                                Doth not wear a shade of sadness !

Radiant youth, thou art ever new !  
Thine's the light, the rose's hue ;  
Flowers' perfume, and winds that stir,  
Like a stringed dulcimer,  
                                All the forest !  
Joyous youth ! thou art fresh and fair ;  
Wild as wildest bird of air !  
Thou, amidst thy ringing laughter,  
Look'st not forward, look'st not after,  
                                Knowing well that joy is surest !

Brighter than the brightest flowers ;  
Dancing down the golden hours ;  
Thus it is in every land,  
Youth and love go hand in hand,  
                                Linked for ever !  
Youth ; thou never dost decay !  
Summer ; thou dost not grow grey !  
We may sleep with death and time,  
But sweet youth and summer's prime,  
                                From the green earth shall not sever !

The Barbyzes is one of the few rivers that fall into "the Golden Horn" at Constantinople. On its fertile banks, called "the Valley of the Sweet Waters," the Sultan Selim erected a splendid kiosk, in imitation of the palace of Versailles, and on St. George's day in every year, the imperial stud is led from the stables of the seraglio, to graze on the rich herbage in the royal demesne. This ceremony is always accompanied by public amusements, and attended by numbers from the capital. This agreeable Valley is much frequented by the Franks, and all visitors to Constantinople are uniformly invited to witness its beauties.

## SCOTLAND.

Oh, mountain-crested Scotland,  
I marvel not thou art  
Dear as a gracious mother,  
Unto her children's heart !  
I marvel not they love thee,  
Thou land of rock and glen,  
Of strath, and lake, and mountain,  
And more—of gifted men !\*

Oh, wild-traditioned Scotland !  
Thy briery burns and braes,  
Are full of pleasant memories,  
And tales of other days !  
Thy story-haunted waters,  
In music gush along—  
Thy mountain-glens are tragedies ;  
Thy heathy hills are song !

“The dowie dens of Yarrow ;”  
“The Annan-water wan ;”  
“The deep milldams of Binnorie,”  
Where sailed “the milk-white swan ;”  
The lovers' bloody meeting,  
“On fair Kirkconnel lea ;”  
We sing them to the slumbering child  
We cradle on our knee !

\* HENRY, BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX.—This illustrious man, the son of Henry Brougham, representative of an ancient family, and of Eleanor, niece of Dr. Robertson, the historian, was born at Edinburgh in 1779. The High School of that town, then under the able superintendence of Dr. Adam, afforded him the advantages of an admirable education, which he improved with such rapidity, that at the early age of seventeen, he was a contributor to the Transactions of the Royal Society. Called to the Scotch bar, he soon became distinguished in that forensic area, but relinquished it for the chief courts of the metropolis, where he attained all those high distinctions, for which his vast talents had long pointed him out, being created Lord Chancellor of England, and elevated to the peerage.









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THE R<sup>t</sup> HON<sup>ble</sup> HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM & VAUX

*Brougham*

VIZET, SON & CO LONDON, 1870



Land of the hundred monarchs,  
Whose memory sorrow claims,  
From Duncan murdered in his sleep,  
To Flodden's hapless James,—  
To James's lovely daughter,  
The fair and fated queen,  
Who left a tale of love and tears  
Where'er her face was seen !

Land of the Bruce and Wallace ;  
Where fiery hearts have stood,  
And for their country and their faith,  
Like water poured their blood !  
Where wives and little children  
Were stedfast to the death ;  
And graves of martyr-warriors  
Arc in the desert heath !

Land of the social virtues,  
Where the tiller of the sod,  
Saith to his lowly household,  
“ Come, let us worship God ! ”  
Where the lonely shepherd readeth  
His books within the glen ;  
And the poorest dwellers of the hills,  
Respect themselves as men !

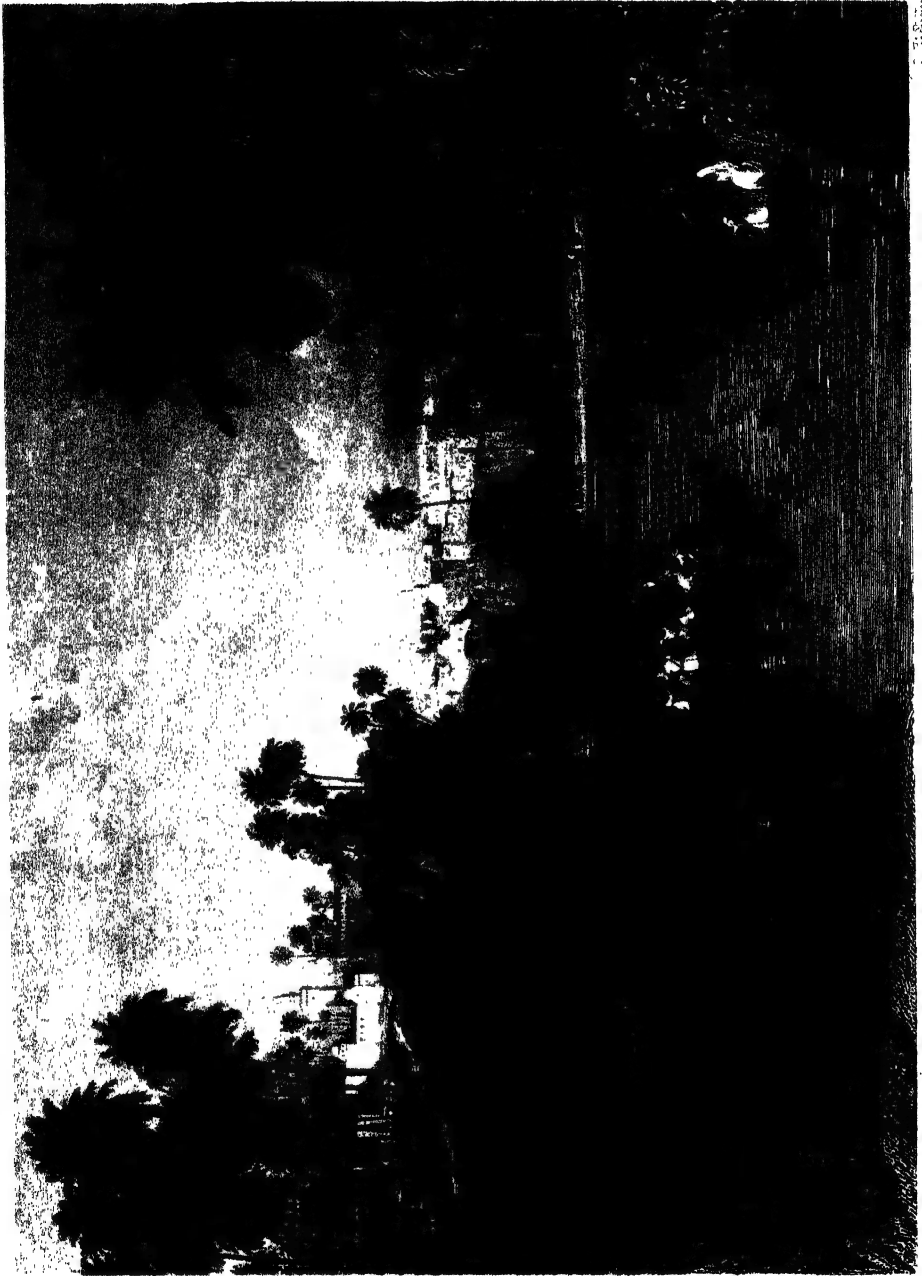
Oh, mind-ennobled Scotland,  
I marvel not thou art  
Dear as a gracious mother,  
Unto her children's heart !  
I marvel not that all the world,  
To thee admiring turns ;—  
Thou gavest birth to Walter Scott,  
And unto Peasant Burns !

Oh, land of moor and mountain ;  
Of barren wastes of stone ;  
Of treeless straths and trackless wilds,  
I love thee as mine own !  
I love thy mournful mosses,  
Where sounds the plover's wail,  
And the savage mountains girdle round  
The dwellings of the Gael !

I love the grey mist hovering,  
O'er rocky isle and shore ;  
I love the castle grey and stern,  
The strength of days of yore !  
Thank God we are one people,  
With but one heart, one aim !  
For my bosom hath a warmer pulse  
To hear old Scotland's name !

The Scotch are very national, and I do not wonder at it. The features of their country are impressive, and calculated to excite the imagination. There is scarcely a glen, a mountain, or a river, without its legend, gloomy, or wild, or touchingly pathetic. In their childhood they are sung to sleep with songs which narrate, in simple but attractive strains, these very legends; they hear them in their youth from the shepherds on the hills, or from the old crone who sits carding wool by their own fire-side. Add to this, every man feels himself mixed up with the great historical actions of his country, for all belonged to clans more or less powerful and distinguished, and each individually, had interest in the achievements of the head of his clan. The Scotch, too, have the advantage of being an educated people. They read of their clan-feuds, and of their great national struggles for religion and liberty, on the very ground which was hallowed by them, and where the graves, and the grey memorial-stones are piled, making, as it were, the very hill-side a temple. I know how *I* felt in such scenes, and I do not wonder at the Scotch nationality. Their land is full of poetry. Although we have our Shakspeare and our Milton, we have not many streams made immortal like the Yarrow, the Annan-water, the Douglas-burn, or the bonny braes of Doon, to say nothing of the everlasting spell which Scott has cast over his native country, from Zetland to the very border; nay, if we come to the influence of Scott's genius, he too has done more to immortalize English localities, than almost all our poets and prose-writers put together.





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## NEFTAH, IN THE JEREED.

The word *Jereed* implies the Country of the Palm Branches; and the little azure sparrow, the subject of the following poem, is peculiar to that district, and is called The Father of Friendship.

It is a little azure bird,  
It has a plaintive cry,  
It singeth mournful to the eve,  
When none beside are nigh.

But not the less its gentle song  
Ariseth for the noon;  
The day has not a lonely hour,  
Unknowing that sweet tune.

It loveth those with whom it lives,  
It loveth where it dwells;  
When the green palm extends its shade  
Above the desert wells.

Never those azure wings expand,  
But on their southern wind;  
At once it dieth, if it leave  
Its native sands behind.

It pineth with familiar love  
For its accustomed sky,  
And even in a golden cage  
It lieth down to die.

And for the love it beareth them,  
The natives hold it true,  
That whosoever kills this bird  
Himself must perish too.

A simple, yet a kind belief,  
To keep it free from scaith;  
And blessed whate'er in this cold world  
Awakens love or faith!

L. E. L.

## THE LADY'S SORROW.

'Twas evening, and the room was all a-light  
With well-dried Christmas fagots blazing bright ;  
Within were warmth, and curtained, cushioned ease,  
Without, a wintry tempest shook the trees,  
Roared in the broad, high chimneys, and the rain  
Beat in wild splashes on the window-pane ;  
Yet, little heeding of the storm, we sate,  
The priest's good wife and I, till it grew late,  
Yet did our easy talk its colouring take  
From the wild, driving tempest, and we spake  
Of bleeding, broken hearts, and human woe,  
But most of griefs that suffering women know.  
At length, said she, the priest's good wife, " I'll tell  
A sad and strange adventure that befell,  
Long time ago, in which we bore a part—  
A sad, true history of a broken heart.

" 'Twas on a night like this, just so the rain  
Drove on the windows, and the trees did strain  
Against the tempest. We were dwelling then  
In a lone district, among fishermen  
And peasant people, that lay scattered wide  
Along the shore, or on the bare hill-side ;  
Upon a night like this of gusty weather,  
I and my husband sate at home together,  
Blessing ourselves that from the fire-warmed hearth  
No needful pastoral duty called him forth ;  
And, as our custom was, we gave the hour,  
Ere the day closed with prayer, to music's power.  
The time, the feeling I remember well,  
My voice half silenced by the tempest's swell,  
And, in the pauses of the storm, the roar  
Of booming waters on the rocky shore ;









Even then, through rains that as a deluge poured,  
When not a hardy peasant was abroad,  
By lonesome ways a chariot drove along,  
Drawn by four horses, urged by spur and thong.  
Amazed, we heard the sound of wheels draw near,  
And at our threshold check their swift career ;  
But the next moment were still more amazed,  
As on a lofty-statured man we gazed,  
Who entered at the door, nor reverence made,  
Nor customary dues of greeting paid :  
Dark were his features, black his curled moustache,  
A short, furred cloak he wore, and silken sash,  
In which were pistols and a dagger placed ;  
His air was hurried, and he spoke with haste,  
As one who has unpleasant work to do,  
Favour would seek, and yet disdains to sue,  
And makes his wishes will, in accents few.

“ ‘ Ye must,’ he said, ‘ beneath your roof receive  
A guest who will but little trouble give ;—  
A holy man, whose office is to bless,  
At a soul’s hour of parting, can no less !’

“ Such were his words ; but in that tone severe  
That makes the adverse spirit quake with fear.  
And the next moment, through the open door,  
A closely-muffled female form he bore,  
Dead as it seemed to me, for like dull clay  
Heavy and passive, in his arms she lay ;  
And through my heart quick indignation ran,  
For I believed the stern imperious man  
To be her murderer ; and my husband too  
Had the same thought, and kept him still in view,  
To mark with jealous eye what he would do.

“ He laid her on a couch, and next undid  
The close-tied veil that her pale features hid,  
And the rich features, of divinest mould,  
We saw, yet pallid, with closed eyes, and cold :  
Yet still she lived—for she was young, and sooth  
The mightiest griefs but slowly kill in youth.

“ ‘ Beneath this roof she must abide !’ again  
Spake the proud man, ‘ must privily remain ;



But what her name, or what her crime, or woe,  
I neither tell, nor must ye seek to know ;  
But here she must abide, must gather hence,  
Patience, submission, humble penitence !  
If she should die, let decent rites be paid ;  
But let her 'neath a silent stone be laid ;  
If she should live—at the appointed hour  
They will remove her hence who have the power :  
And gold, that buyeth all things, good and ill,  
Ye shall not lack : these words unfold my will,  
Which, as you hold a common faith, fulfil !'

“ I know not how it was, a haughty sway  
Was in the man—we could not disobey ;  
Imposing was his presence, yet we stood  
Although offended much, at once subdued ;  
Yet more for that pale youthful lady's sake,  
Who opened her dim eyes, and faintly spake,  
In tones that pierced my heart, ‘ Oh, let me stay,—  
By Him who died upon the cross, I pray  
Ye, cast me not from your kind hearts away !’  
We yielded, for her sake to us unknown ;  
And the next moment that harsh man was gone ;  
Yet left he gold behind, a richer store  
Than we, at once, had ever seen before.

“ Who was the lady, what her crime or woe,  
Only by slow degrees we came to know ;  
Only when death a safer home had given,  
At Jesus' feet, with Magdalenes in heaven.

“ After the night she entered first our door  
Ensued a wasting sickness, long and sore ;  
And night and day we tended her, and she  
Was gentle as submissive infancy ;  
It was a sickness more of mind than frame,  
Which had no medicine ; yet a calmness came,  
That was like restoration, and she strove,  
By seeming cheerful, to reward our love ;  
But that vain show of calm and cheerful hours  
Was but like Etna's bosom wreathed in flowers.  
A deadly woe was ever at her heart ;  
A chilling fear, that never would depart ;

A deadly pang of misery and shame ;  
A dread that like a death-knell shook her frame.  
Hence, when she trimmed my flowers, or seemed to cheat  
With some light books of fancy, time's dull feet,  
It was but seeming, and her thoughts would go  
On to the brink of that unfathomed woe,  
And in a stony misery, all amazed,  
As one that on the fabled gorgon gazed,  
With clenched hands and eyeballs fixed, she sate ;  
And ever through the day, early or late,  
If chance an unaccustomed step drew nigh,  
Or even a shadow passed the window by,  
Her lips grew deadly white, and quick her breath,  
And a strong spasm followed, like to death.

“ Still she lived on, if life that can be thought,  
Of which each hour with fear and woe is fraught.  
Oh, had her sin been yet of darker stain,  
She bore its penance o'er and o'er again.  
And He who secret misery sees and hears,  
In his great reckoning, will accept her tears !  
Yet she died not : and they who had the power,  
As had been threatened, at the appointed hour,  
Came to remove her from us.

Even then  
Was given to her, her long-lost peace again ;  
Peace in the grave, where beauty sheds no tear,  
Where vulture-beaked remorse is not, nor fear,  
The fanged serpent, gnaweth at the heart !  
O'er her we mourned ; and in the greenest part  
Of that remote church-yard her grave was made,  
Beneath the spreading lime-tree's verdant shade ;  
And at her head, and at her feet, a stone ;  
Yet name, nor date, nor epitaph was none,  
Saving the text to mourning sinners dear,  
Of angels' joy in the repentant tear !”

## THE BRIDAL EVE.

SHE'LL be a bride to-morrow !  
The village is astir ;  
Old dames, and men and maidens,  
They talk of nought but her !  
They look upon the sunset,  
And speak the morrow fine,  
For the bride she hath good luck, they say,  
On whom the sun doth shine !  
And the laughing, brawny ringers  
Are drinking to the peal,  
With which, upon the morrow,  
The old church-tower shall reel,  
In honour of the bridal !

She'll be a bride to-morrow !  
The evening sunset sheds  
A glory on the shaven grass,  
And on the flower-beds,  
And on the dark-green cedars,  
That come athwart the light,  
And on the temple in the wood  
With marble pillars white.  
And fountain, grove, and wilderness,  
A joyful aspect wear ;  
The dullest passer-by can feel,  
Some present joy is there ;—  
Some joy like this great bridal !

She'll be a bride to-morrow !  
The guests are thronging in,  
And the grave, punctilious father,  
Is busied 'mong the kin ;  
With a brave old English welcome,  
He maketh them right glad,  
As if, than of these kinsfolk,  
No other thought he had ;





But he thinketh on the dowry,  
All counted out in gold;  
And he thinketh on the bridegroom's lands,  
Those manors rich and old,  
Which dignify the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!  
Like Christmas-flowers in bloom,  
The stiff-brocaded maiden aunts,  
Sit in some inner room;  
And the portly mother sweet accord  
Of grace to all doth show;  
And like one greatly satisfied,  
She moveth to and fro;  
White roses, bridal favours,  
She knoweth where they be,  
And cake-piled silver baskets,  
All under lock and key,  
To come forth for the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!  
There's gladness in her heart,  
And with her young bride-maidens  
She sitteth all apart;  
No thought of after sorrow,  
Hath shaded o'er her brow,  
She liveth in the joyfulness,  
That is but tokened now,—  
The yet more joyful morrow,  
With bashful, blissful sighs,  
And he, the handsome bridegroom,  
Looking love into her eyes!  
Oh, happy be that bridal!

## THE SLAVE MARKET.

“ The first impression made upon a stranger entering the Slave Market is the cheerfulness and hilarity of the captives. He approaches with his mind full of horrors of slavery. He expects to see tender females dragged from their families, the ties of nature torn asunder, and the helpless victims overwhelmed with grief, sad and weeping, and sunk in despondency. He sees no such thing; they are singularly cheerful and gay, use every means to attract his attention, and in their various dialects invite him to purchase them. To this the Greek girl forms an exception. Refined by education, strongly attached to her family, and abhorrent to slavery, her natural vivacity is overcome by her state; she appears sad and dejected amid the levity that surrounds her.”

### THE GREEK CAPTIVE.

OH tell me not of beauty ! what to me  
Is beauty with these golden fetters laden !  
I should be beautiful if I were free—  
A daughter of the hills, a free-born maiden !  
Leave me unto myself and to the past—  
My youth, my girlhood—all a dream of gladness,  
A day with not a shadow overcast !  
Oh, let me think, though but to think is madness !  
Leave me alone in silence with my heart :  
Low household voices in my ears are ringing,  
And memory all that of myself is part  
Is back unto my desolate spirit bringing !  
I see my sisters—would they were not fair,  
Then might they live and die mid those who love them !  
I see their glorious eyes, their shining hair,  
And foreheads calm as heaven’s broad arch above them !  
I see my mother, ere her eyes were dim  
With looking for me, and with endless weeping !  
I hear my little brother’s evening hymn—  
I see him, tired with pastime, sweetly sleeping !  
I see the plane-tree bending to our eaves ;  
And the thick laurels by the pathway growing !  
I hear the turtles cooing mid the leaves,  
And the low murmur of the waters flowing !

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I feel the fresh air blowing from the hills—  
That spiriting freshness of a land of mountains !  
I feel an airy coolness, as when rills  
Flow downward from their flower-embosomed fountains.  
And my own flowers ! Oh when shall I again  
Go forth to gather flowers in far fields blooming !  
The lily nodding after vernal rain,  
And purple violets all the vales perfuming !  
When shall I run and leap, and to the wind  
Give my wild hair to winnow through at pleasure,  
And sing in fervent joyousness of mind,  
Without a pang that joyousness to measure !  
Then was I beautiful—then meet to be  
Bride to a hero ! Tell me, O my mother,  
Is there no hope our land may yet be free ?  
Yes ! thou hast yet a son, and I a brother !—  
Oh tell me not of beauty ! what to me  
Is beauty with these silken fetters laden !  
I should be beautiful if I were free,  
A daughter of the hills, a free-born maiden !

## THE DEATH OF CHATHAM.

To show how right-minded and far-seeing a statesman was Lord Chatham, it is only needful to make a few extracts from his noble and eloquent speech on the approaching war with the Americans. "My lords, deeply impressed with the importance of taking some healing measures at this most alarming, distracted state of our affairs, though bound down with a cruel disease, I have crawled to this house, to give you my best counsel and experience; and my advice is, to beseech his majesty to withdraw his troops..." "Thus entered on the threshold of this business, I will knock at your gates for justice without ceasing, unless inveterate infirmities stay my hand..." "I will never fail of my attendance on it at every step and period of this great matter, unless nailed down to my bed by the severity of disease." Nor did he fail in this noble resolution. In the month of March, 1778, although overwhelmed by "inveterate infirmities," he was carried to the House of Lords, wrapped in blankets, and while speaking on the same subject, was seized with a convulsive fit, and carried speechless out of the house. In the following month he died. It was a privilege to die in the advocacy of so great and christian a cause; and the more mankind comes to understand that conciliation and forbearance are the truest policy between nations, as well as of conduct between individuals, the more will be honoured the memory of this great statesman.

LIKE winged lightning sent  
Through the night blackness of the firmament,  
Rending with arrowy force the clouds asunder,  
So pealed the living thunder  
Of thy true heart, the nobly eloquent !

Though death-pale was thy cheek,  
And thy limbs feeble, yet thou wast not weak,  
There stood at thy right hand, an awful three,  
Truth, Death, and Liberty;  
And in their mighty spirit didst thou speak !

And long as human eyes  
Shed holy tears o'er deeds of high emprise;  
And long as good men's hearts have pulses strong  
That quicken for a brother's wrong,  
Thy name shall be revered, thou greatly wise !

Oh, nobler thus to die,  
Thou advocate of peace and liberty,  
Than to have fallen with crimson banners flying,  
Amid the dead and dying,  
In the hot front of some red victory !







Prepared by F. Lightfoot

Painted by J. S. Copley, E.A.









Fig. 1. 200m

Fig. 2



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## ENGLISH CHURCHES.

How beautiful they stand,  
Those ancient altars of our native land !  
Amid the pasture fields and dark green woods,  
Amid the mountain's cloudy solitudes ;  
By river's broad that rush into the sea ;  
By little brooks that with a lapsing sound,  
Like playful children, run by copse and lea !  
Each, in its little plot of holy ground,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Those old grey churches of our native land !

Our lives are all turmoil ;  
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,  
Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,  
Both day and night for gain !  
We have grown worldly ; have made gold our god ;  
Have turned our hearts away from lowly things ;  
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod ;  
We see not snowy-folded angel's wings  
Amid the summer skies ;  
For visions come not to polluted eyes !

Yet, blessed quiet fanes !  
Still piety, still poetry remains,  
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air  
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer,—  
Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep  
The dust of our beloved, and tears are shed  
From founts which in the human heart lie deep !  
Something in these aspiring days we need  
To keep our spirits lowly,  
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy !

And 'tis for this they stand,  
The old grey churches of our native land !  
And even in the gold-corrupted mart,  
In the great city's heart,  
They stand ; and chantry dim, and organ sound,  
And stated services of prayer and praise,  
Like to the righteous ten which were not found  
For the polluted city, shall upraise,  
Meek faith and love sincere—  
Better in time of need than shield and spear !

## ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF THE DHOON.

I LOVE this picture ; it transports my thought  
To tongues and peoples which have passed away ;  
To cities vast ; and forest plains which lay  
Beyond the Caucasus, in realms remote,  
Where old Pantika wandered in his prime,  
Seeking, with never-wearied quest, for truth,  
With kind Lodemmil, that beloved youth ;  
And where he gleaned those histories sublime  
Steeped in the golden light of poesy,  
That in his joyful, green old age he gave  
To Cydna, when she sought the vine-clad cave,  
Above old Tarshish, looking towards the sea !—  
And even those British soldiers, gun in hand,  
But stragglers seem of some Cuthean band !









SCENES FROM NATURE BY J. P. WILSON, 1877.



## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

### VIGNETTE TITLE.

THIS beautiful song has not been popular because it was merely life-like, but because it was life itself; yet, after all, its chiefest merit is its high moral sentiment. Jenny herself speaks; she lays her very heart open, and we love, and pity, and respect her at the same moment. There cannot be a finer unfolding of a woman's heart than this. Her love for "Young Jamie;" her sympathy with her parents; her honest resolve to "do her best a good wife to be," for the sufficient reason that Auld Robin deserved it, are the very essence of the self-forgetting spirit of a woman.

Poor Jenny! her's was a character of the most pure unselfishness; she was conscientious also. Auld Robin Gray had helped her parents in their troubles and difficulties, and by their persuasion she had become his wife; yet she never taunted the old man, but kept all her heart-griefs to herself, waiting till he slept soundly before she let "the woes of her heart fall in showers from her eyes;" nor even in the moment of her severest trial, when Jamie comes back, does she utter one reproach on her parents, or speak one slighting word of her husband; she only gives expression to that wish most natural to aching hearts—"that she was dead." Then how exquisite is the turn given in the conclusion of the line, "but I'm no like to die!"—it is truth itself. Jenny was a hale country woman, whom trouble might wither, but could not easily kill: she knew that very well, and that, in all probability, a long life of sorrow was before her, and the following exclamation—

"Oh, why was I spared to cry woe's me!"

completes the picture of desolation of spirit.

But, after all, the high right-mindedness of Jenny comes out most beautifully and most pathetically in the last stanza. We see there the havoc which grief has made both in body and mind; every word of it tells.

"I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin,  
I dare na think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin!"

She that had been bred to thrift and industry, to whom daily labour was a sort of second nature, and who had toiled day and night to maintain her parents, now "cares na to spin"—nothing can be more complete than this—she has not spirit left *even to spin*: yet even then, depressed in mind as she was, she dared not think on Jamie—for why?—*because it was a sin*.

Jenny must have been a worthy daughter of "God-fearing parents," for these words are the most exquisite picture of a conscientious spirit capable of acting up to

its own requirings, however hard they might be. Nothing, therefore, can be more beautiful or more natural than the following resolve, which embodies the spirit of all her conduct—

“ But I’ll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray is varra gude to me !”

Honour to the memory of Lady Anne Lindsay for writing this exquisite song ! There is no fear of its being forgotten, for it belongs to our universal nature ; and as long as the nobility of virtue is respected shall we hear high and low, young and old, singing Auld Robin Gray.

## GENERAL, THE RIGHT HON. LORD HILL, G.C.B. &c. &c.

COMMANDING IN CHIEF OF ALL HER MAJESTY’S FORCES ;

Knight Grand Cross of the Bath ; and Knight of the foreign Orders of the Guelphs of Hanover ; the Tower and Sword of Portugal ; Maria Theresa of Austria ; St. George of Russia ; Wilhelm of Holland ; and the Crescent of Turkey ; Privy Councillor ; &c., &c., &c , was born 11th of August, 1772, and raised to the peerage in consequence of his distinguished military services, in 1816.

It is a glorious privilege to be great ;  
To rise above the herd who live and die,  
And are like clouds amid the summer sky,  
Passing to nothingness : “ to stand and wait,”  
Mere servitors, is a far nobler state  
Than doing nought, or having nought to do :  
Great men stand forth as landmarks to the view  
Of distant centuries, and their deeds, like fate,  
Influence all generations yet to be :  
Such was Napoleon ; such was Wellington !  
And thou, in those red days of victory,  
Didst win unto thyself a high renown,  
Placing thy name in history’s living page,  
Among the mightiest captains of the age.



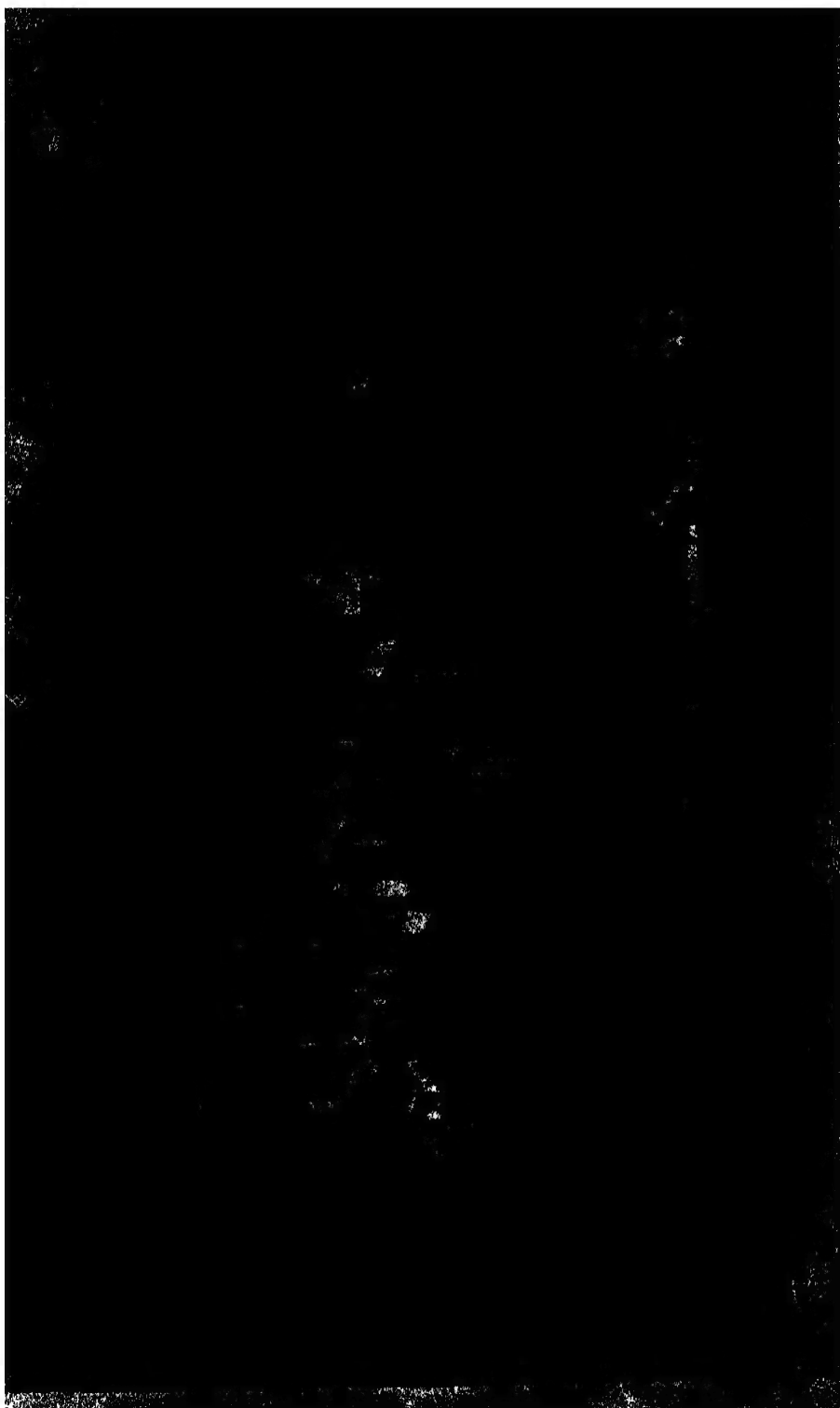
















## THE BRIDAL OF NAWORTH.

“THERE’S blood upon my hand !  
Why didst thou counsel so !  
There’s blood upon my soul,  
Will work eternal woe !  
Why didst thou counsel me  
To do so wickedly,  
Mother, mother !”

“Oh, shame upon thee now,  
Upon thy bridal morn !  
Would’st have the bridesmaids laugh  
Thy dastard heart to scorn !  
Would’st have the pages speak  
About thy bloodless cheek,  
Robert, Robert !

“Go, drain a cup of wine !  
And never let them say,  
That Naworth’s cheek was blenched  
Upon his marriage-day !  
Go, deck thee for the bride—  
Put other thoughts aside—  
Sustain thyself with pride,  
My son Robert !”

He drained of wine a cup—  
Put other thoughts aside,  
And in his brave apparel,  
Went out to meet the bride ;  
But his stately mother cast,  
Secret glances as he passed,  
Sore troubled at his seeming.

He bended low, and took  
The bride's fair hand in his,  
And whispered honied words,  
That spoke of love and bliss,  
And with bare-headed grace,  
Looked worthy of his place;  
And his mother followed then  
With all the bridgroom's men,  
And, in their white array, the two brideswomen.

"Wilt take to be thy wife,  
This woman?" asked the priest;  
No word the bridegroom spake,  
Nor seemed as if he wist,  
Why he was standing there,  
But with a vacant stare,  
Turned him from the altar.

"Lord Naworth!" cried his kin—  
"Son Robert," said his mother,  
And the bridesmen and bridesmaidens  
Gazed strangely at each other;  
And the priest, who had three times spoken,  
Without an answering token,  
Said, with an austere face,  
"Sir, in this holy place,  
With any holy rite it is unmeet to palter!"

The holy rite went on;  
He spake the binding vow  
With bloodless lips, and wiped  
The sweat-drops from his brow.  
And when the rite was done,  
Like a rigid form of stone,  
Dropped down, nor word did utter.  
All was amaze and fear;  
The stately mother frowned,  
And muttered angry words;  
The bride sank in a swound;  
The marriage anthem ceased,  
And the astonied priest  
'Gan pray with all his might;  
And the bridesmaids, in affright,  
Upon the fainted bride did sprinkle holy water.

“There’s blood upon my hand,  
Why didst thou counsel so !  
There’s blood upon my soul,  
Will bring eternal woe !  
Why didst thou counsel me  
To sin so bitterly,  
Mother, mother !

“ My bride, my house, my land,  
They bring no joy at all ;  
The blood that I have shed,  
Doth still for vengeance call,  
And that uneasy sprite  
Doth haunt me day and night ;  
Why didst thou counsel me  
To sin so bitterly !

It was not wisely done—not wisely, O my mother !”

“ Build thou by Irthing’s side,”  
Said she, “ a house of stone,  
In the vale of Lannercost,  
And thus for life atone,  
Where daily may be said,  
Ten masses for the dead—  
There needs nought further !”

He built at Lannercost  
A stately house of prayer,  
And masses ten each day  
Were loudly chanted there :  
And Naworth bore a lance,  
Right soldierly in France ;  
Yet he withered in his prime,  
And died before his time ;  
For masses could not chant away the curse of MURDER !

Naworth Castle, anciently the hall of the Barons of Gilsland, now the property of the Earls of Carlisle, stands in a noble afforested park on the south bank of the Irthing, about two miles from Brampton. When this interesting specimen of feudal architecture was erected is now unknown, but in the Third Edward’s reign, Lord Dacre obtained leave from the crown “ to castellate it.” The building is still perfect, and retains the character which distinguished it when occupied by Lord William Howard, celebrated in the “ Lay of the Last Minstrel” as “ Belted Will.” His apartments, furniture, library, oratory, and armoury, are shown to visitants, and convey a strong impression of the solitary grandeur, and inconvenient magnificence, of the border feudal lord.



## VIEW NEAR JUBBERA. .

LIKE to that visioned-token grand,  
Which was at Bethel given,  
Upon the earth these mountains stand,  
Their tops ascend to heaven !  
And like a rich celestial-woof,  
Of scarlet, gold, and green,—  
Like heaven's own gorgeous golden roof,  
With not a cloud between,  
Upon the mountain-tops doth lie  
The glory of the Indian sky.

And wondrous flowers that have no peer,  
Flowers meet for angels' hands,  
Spring forth, and blossom all the year,  
Amid these mountain-lands ;  
And trees—the teak, the oak, the pine,  
And that which incense weeps,  
The apple and the juicy vine,  
Clothe all these rocky steeps ;  
For God this mountain-land designed  
To be an Eden for mankind !

And rivers strong, and clear, and cold,  
Spring in these mountains high,  
And snows, a thousand winters old,  
Their living streams supply.  
Oh ! fair and sumptuous mountain-land,  
To which such wealth is given ;  
Whose lower hills like giants stand,  
Whose peaks ascend to heaven,  
Would God thy regions held a race  
As blessed as their dwelling-place !

All travellers bear testimony to the glorious scenery, the unrivalled vegetable productions, and fine climate of the Himalaya Mountains. We will extract a few words on their peculiar skies. " The skies of England, though not without their charms, give not the slightest notion of this mountain hemisphere with its extraordinary colours, its green and scarlet evenings, and noonday skies of mellow purple, edged at the horizon with a hazy lemon-colour. Every day some hitherto unnoticed state of the atmosphere produces some new effect. This is particularly the case at dawn, for while the lower world is immersed in the deepest shade, the splintered points of the highest range which first catch the golden ray, assume a luminous appearance, flaming like crimson lamps along the heavens, for as yet they do not seem to belong to the earth, all below being involved in impenetrable gloom."



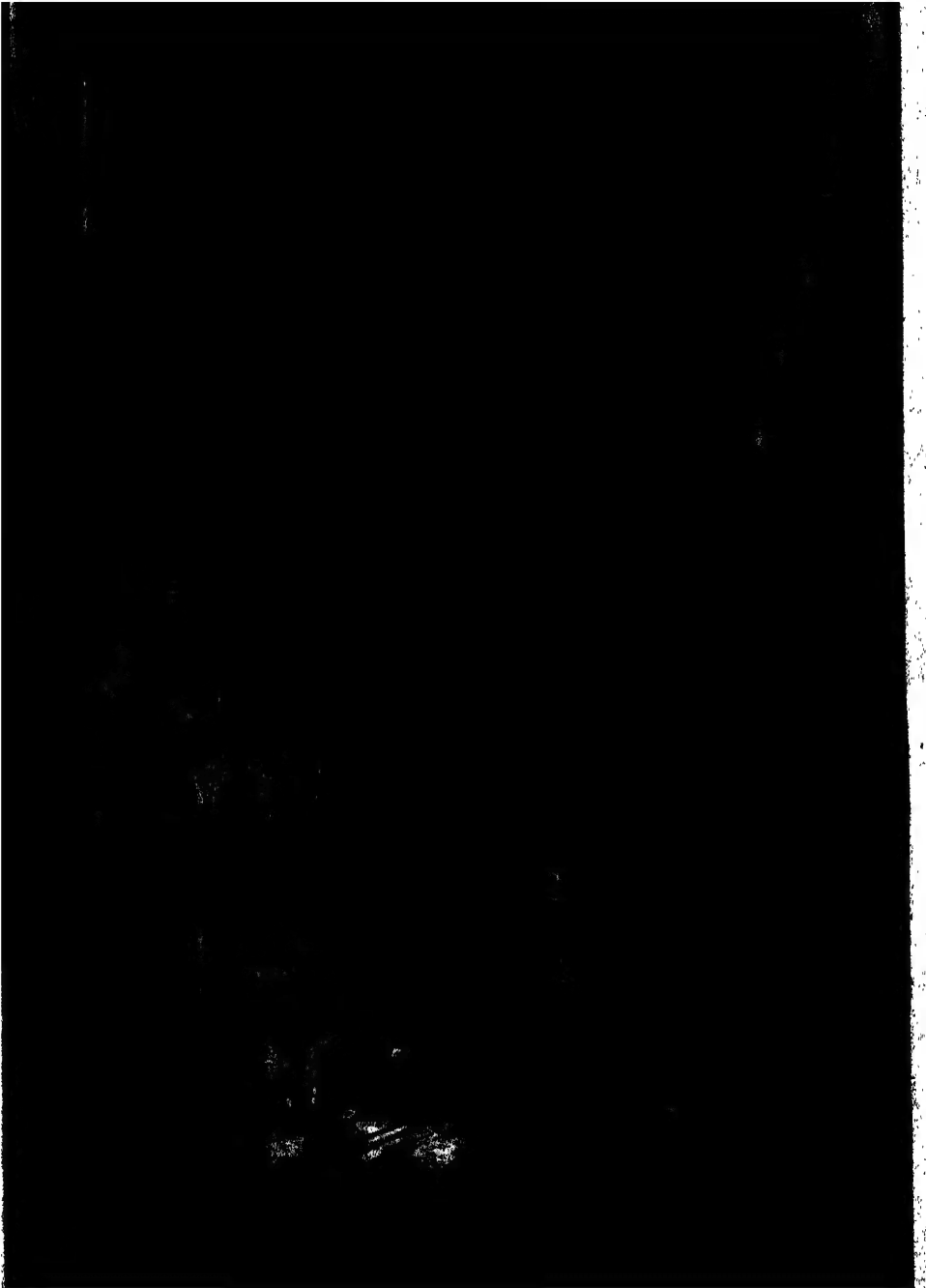
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THE CATHEDRAL AT NESSINA

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# THE CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA.

## UNIVERSAL WORSHIP.

My soul adores a universal God,—  
And I can bow wherever man has bowed ;  
In little chapels on the lone hill-side ;  
By wayside tokens of the Crucified ;  
In minster aisles where lordly organs sound ;  
And all the pomp of worship gathers round ;  
'Mid mountain-steeps, or moorlands brown and bare,  
Where crowds assemble in the open air,  
And mid the Sabbath hush, with one accord  
Lift up their joyful anthems to the Lord !

Creeds matter not to me. I ask no more  
Than that the one great Father they adore ;  
And loving him, with better right we call  
On God as Father, who hath loved us all !

Our hearts were made for worship ! and we raise  
Ourselves towards Him if but a flower we praise.  
If, walking by the way, we only see  
His goodness in the green leaves of a tree ;  
And in the silence of a spirit broken,  
There will be worship though no word be spoken !

Yet man did well to build up structures fair  
For his best purposes of praise and prayer ;  
With costly offerings to adorn a shrine,  
And hang o'er marble altars works divine ;  
He hath done well, for unto God we owe  
All that of hand or heart we can bestow ;  
Nor hath He scorned who earth and heaven commands,  
To dwell in temples made by human hands !  
His spirit breathes from aisle and chantry dim,  
In pealing organ and uplifted hymn ;  
Breathes from the lofty dome august and still,  
And in the beauty of the painter's skill !

Then let me bow wherever man hath bowed  
In grateful homage to the Father—God,  
For where to him hath risen one human prayer  
The place is hallowed—holy is the air,  
As if white-winged angels hovered there !

## A TURKISH CAFFINET.

RICH coffee fit for gods to drink ;  
And amber-mouthèd pipes, whence rise  
Clouds white as those of summer skies ;  
And cushioned seats whereon to sink  
In luxury, with half-closed eyes,  
Belong unto the Caffinet !

A story-teller whose brain teemeth  
With wondrous fancies, magic fears ;  
Who wakeneth laughter, moveth tears,  
Till each absorbèd listener seemeth  
Part of the story which he hears,  
Sits ever in the Caffinet !

A fountain whose melodious sound  
Fills up the pauses of the speech,  
And with soft splashing dews can reach  
The odorous flowers standing round,  
Giving fresh beauty unto each,  
Keeps cool the crowded Caffinet !

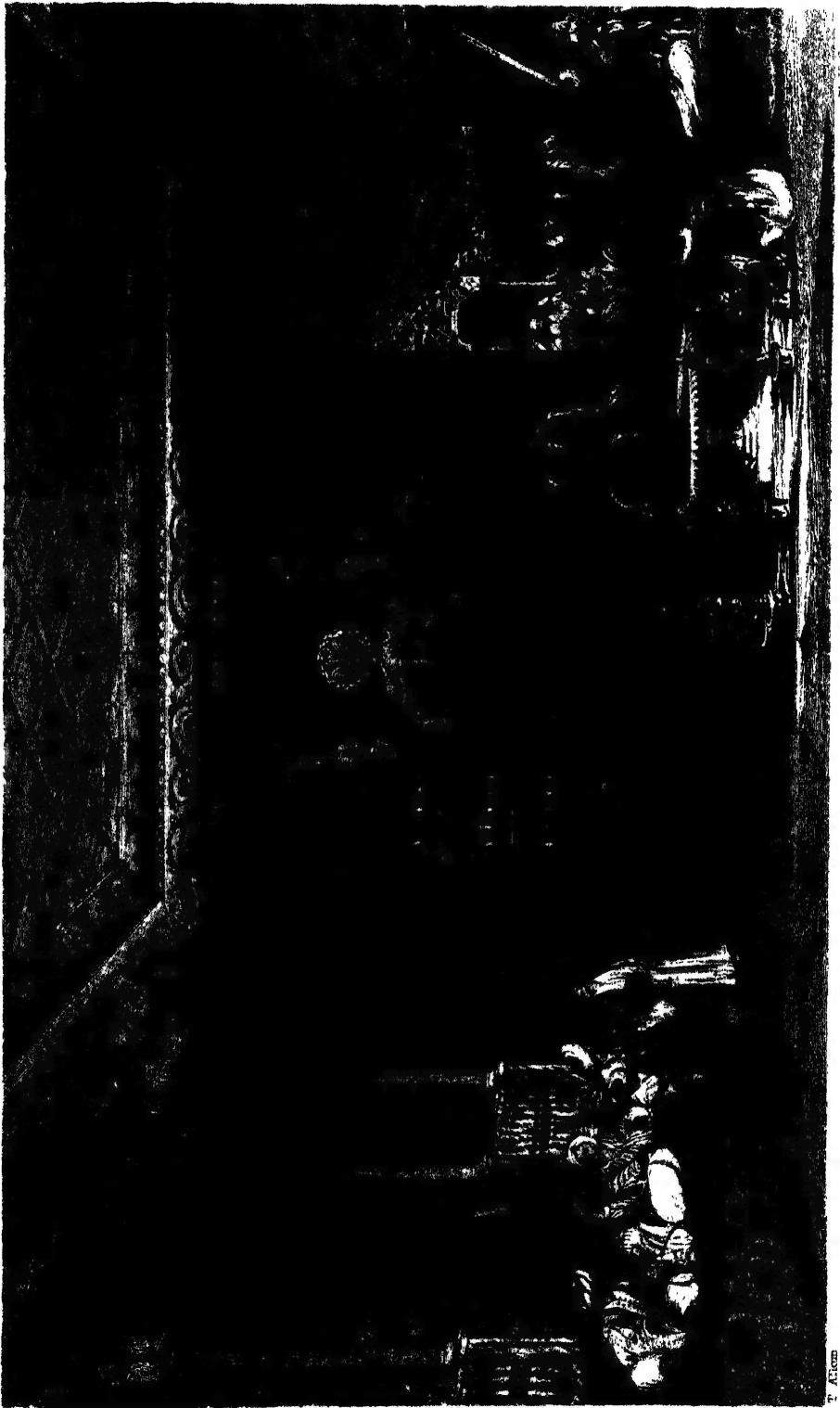
Coffee and pipes and chiming waters,  
And he who without books or pen,  
Hath fancy's world within his ken,  
Decoy from haremed wives and daughters  
The grave and turbaned Turkish men  
Unto the dreamy Caffinet !

I would I had his power of charming,  
Who sitteth there with lute in hand ;  
Then would I all the world command,  
Each critic-heart of spleen disarming,  
And like a sorceress wave my wand  
Within a world-wide Caffinet !

The wit and inexhaustible spirit of the Turkish story-teller are well known. The Caffinet would be as incomplete as the Arab tent, without him ; nor can any luxury be imagined more complete, than while reclining on a rich divan among silken cushions, and sipping the most delicious mocha, to listen to the rumour, or the extravagant yet rich fancy of the story-teller, who, with his lute in his hand, improvises, as he story may require it, to no despicable music.















Painted by J. Jackson

Engraved by H. Robinson.

GEORGIANA, DOWAGER LADY DOVER.

*Georgiana*





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGIANA, DOWAGER LADY DOVER.

LADY, proud estate is thine,  
Daughter of a noble line;  
Daughter of a name allied  
To our English love and pride;  
To a name that cannot fall,  
Thrilling like a trumpet's call.  
What a proud estate was thine,  
Daughter of a noble line !

Nothing marvellous we see,  
In thy graceful dignity;  
Serious thought and beauty blent,  
In thine eye so eloquent;  
In thy richly chiselled face;  
In thy lineaments of grace :  
One short line the truth explains,  
SURREY'S blood is in thy veins !

Dowered with all the wealth of life,  
Thou the loved and happy wife :  
Wife beloved of him whose mind  
Was so noble, so refined,  
That in every loftier part,  
Rich in soul and high in heart,  
He, the generous, wise, and true,  
Might have been a Howard too !

Lady born to noble fate,  
Singular in fair estate,  
Unto thee were likewise given,  
Other, common gifts of heaven,

Children that about thy knee  
Sported in their infancy,  
Adding to thy lofty name,  
All a mother's holier claim!  
Daughter of a noble line,  
What a proud estate is thine!

The Right Honourable GEORGIANA HOWARD, second daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, was born on the 10th of May, 1804. She married, on the 7th of March, 1822, the Honourable George-James-Welbore Agar-Ellis, afterwards created Baron Dover. He was the only son of Viscount Clifden, by Lady Caroline Spencer, sister to the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Dover was an elegant scholar, and a liberal patron of literature and the arts. He was the author of "The True History of the State Prisoner commonly called the Iron Mask," extracted from documents in the French archives; "Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon;" "The Ellis Correspondence," illustrating a remarkable period of the annals of England, from the letters of the Editor's family; the "Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia;" and edited "The Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann." His Lordship also published, for private circulation, a Catalogue Raisonné of the principal pictures in Flanders and Holland; and was the writer of several articles in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and other periodicals. He was a trustee of the British Museum, and of the National Gallery.—His Lordship died July 10th, 1833.

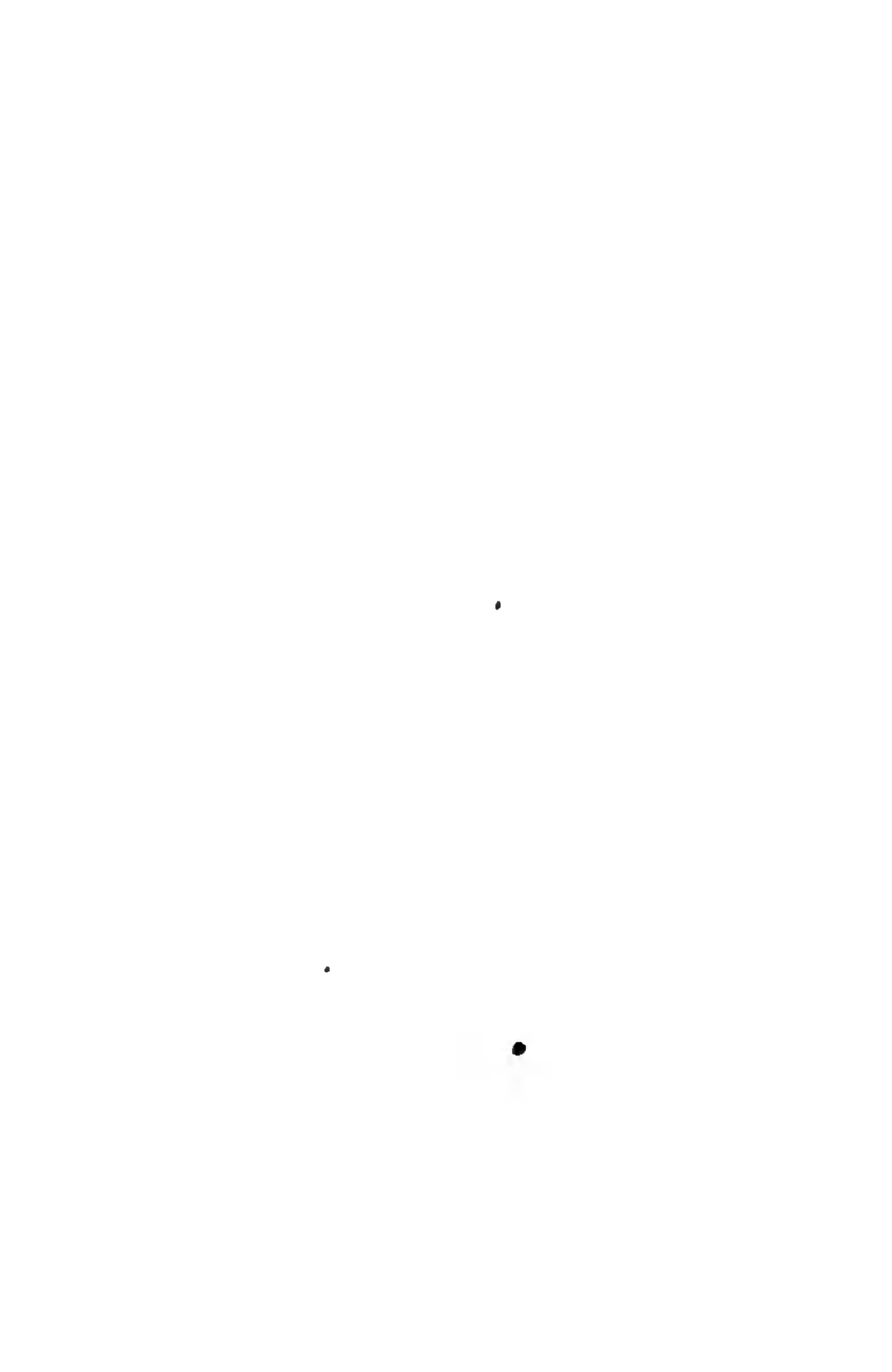




THE CAVE OF THE GREAT SPOON, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA







## THE SACRED SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

AMONG the everlasting hills,  
Mid pinnacles of jagged ice,  
And snowy peak and precipice,  
Where silence, like a spirit, fills  
The cold thin air; and man ne'er trod;  
Where cry of beast, nor song of bird,  
Nor softly whispering leaf is heard;  
Where the creative power of God  
Hath only been, and passing by  
Left solitude and majesty.

There, there, in snowy chasms hid,  
The Ganges river has its birth,  
Above the thunder-clouds of earth,  
In nature's alpine pyramid!  
And cold, which is as strong as death,  
And granite mountains, heavenward piled,  
Are parents of the mighty child  
That all their power inheriteth,  
That as a giant claps his hands,  
And bursts his icy swaddling bands!

He sees the day before it shines  
On kingly palaces below;  
He sees the golden veins that glow  
Within the mountain's unknown mines;  
But gold or gem he doth not heed,  
He glorieth in his might alone,  
A strong existence hurrying on  
In conscious joy of power and speed,  
And with the great sun doth he play  
At rainbows with his living spray.

He cometh from his mountain-tops,  
From jagged caves of unsunned ice;  
He leaps from crag and precipice;  
He drinks the thunder's water-drops—  
For what? To do what God decreed—  
To clothe with sunny flowers his brink;  
To give the little lamb to drink,  
And human thousands feed;  
And on his bosom broad and strong  
Bear blessing for mankind along!

Such was the benevolent intention of God. Alas! that the selfishness and cruel policy of man to his fellow should stand between him and the blessing which the Creator intended!

**GUNGOOTREE.**—"The devotee, who has been taught to look upon the Ganges as a holy river, is content to seek its origin at Gungootree, but its source is now known to lie in still more inaccessible solitudes. Originating from many streams in Thibet, a large volume of water is accumulated, which forces its way through the Himalayan mountains, and issuing from an icy arch beneath a mass of frozen snow, 300 feet in height, enters India. There, with more propriety, the Indians may place the source of the Ganges, at a spot which is elevated no less than 13,800 feet above sea-level. Long icicles depend everlastingly from the brow of this icy-formed mountain, and this beautiful and brilliant display is the foundation of the fabulous account, which asserts, "that the Ganges falls in large drops from the hair of Mahadwa."









# THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

## THE SEAS OF OLD ENGLAND.

OLD England, thou hast green and pastoral hills,  
Fanned by delicious gales,  
And living voices of harmonious rills  
Sound in thy sylvan vales.

Under the shadow of primeval trees,  
Mid whispering of green leaves,  
Stand cheerful groups of white-walled cottages,  
Flower-mantled to the eaves.

And thou hast loving hearts, both high and low ;  
And homes where bliss abides ;  
And little children, that rejoicing go  
By flowery streamlet sides.

And thou hast many a hill and forest-glade  
That to the past belong ;  
Many a brown moor and crumbling ruin, made  
Imperishable by song.

And wayside wells that broad leaves overshadow,  
Where pilgrims knelt of old ;  
And winding paths through many a pleasant meadow,  
Mid flowers of blue and gold ;

Winding through woods where the pink wilding's blossom  
Puts forth in early spring,  
And nodding blue-bells clothe the steep hill's bosom,  
And fearless blackbirds sing.

And thou hast sabbath-bells in old church-towers,  
Whose music thrills the air ;  
And the sweet calm of sabbath-sunset hours,  
When every thought is prayer.



And thou hast grassy graves set side by side,  
The high-born and the lowly,  
By common griefs, by common death allied,  
In ground that tears make holy.

Graves, sabbath-worship, village homes, and men,  
Old England, these are thine;  
And spots made famous by the sword and pen,  
Till each one is a shrine.

And cities of old feudal date and pride;  
And halls of dark renown,  
Where kings and kingly prelates lived and died;  
And many a modern town.

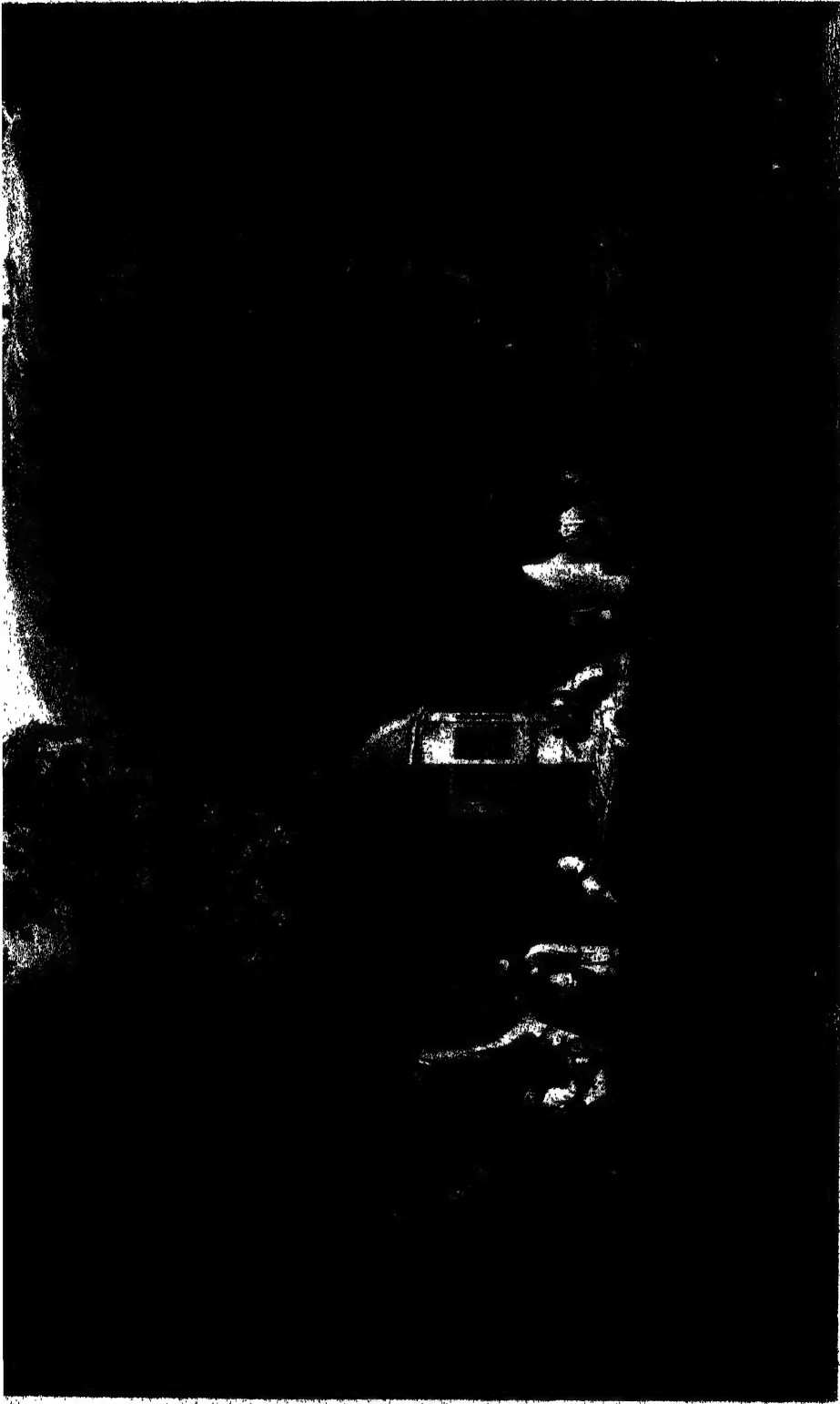
Oh, glory-crowned England, thou hast these,  
Hast these, and still hast more,—  
The empire of the tributary seas  
That lave thine island shore!

And wherefore is the tributary sea  
As a liege subject given?  
To bear forth knowledge, truth, and liberty,  
To each land under heaven!

To knit thee to all peoples; everywhere  
To make thy knowledge known;  
To make thine influence, like God's common air,  
Extend from zone to zone!

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.—“ On the 12th of August, 1828, the first stone of this very elegant structure was laid by Thomas Colley Porter, Esq., Mayor; Mr. John Foster, to whom this commercial town is indebted for so many of her triumphs of art, having furnished the design. The extreme length of the building is 454 feet, its depth 224, with three principal fronts, of which the north presents a noble portico of eight Ionic columns, the shafts of which measure five feet in diameter and forty-six in height, supporting an entablature and a pediment, with the royal arms in the tympanum. A finely groined archway, on each side of which are the approaches to the principal offices and apartments, penetrates the building. The wings of the edifice are entered through a loggia of two columns, of similar dimensions and order, while porticos of like design to that of the north front, adorn the east and west elevations. From the centre of the building rises a noble dome, the tambour enriched by Ionic pilasters, supporting an entablature and balustrade. This beautiful testimonial to the extensive trade of the port, is very appropriately raised on the site of the Old Dock, which, from the early date of its construction, has been fitly designated ‘The Cradle’ of the commerce of Liverpool.”





S. 12. 12

W. 2. 12. 12

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## SCENE AT ANTIOCH.

### STANZAS.

WE sit at home, and all our world  
Lies in a circle small and dull;  
Like reptiles in their shell upcurled,  
We of our tiny selves are full.

We of ourselves alone take heed;  
The little town wherein we bide  
Is all our world; we say "God speed"  
Unto our own, but none beside.

We buy and sell; we sleep and wake;  
Eat, drink, rejoice, in hope are crossed;  
And still an all in all we make  
Of our own selves—are self-engrossed!

What cares yon portly man of pelf,  
Whose weightiest business all the day  
Is cheapening luxuries for himself,  
How others wear their lives away?

What cares he of the woe, the strife,  
The thousand ills that others bear—  
What, for the various modes of life,  
Whose world is in his easy chair?

Come, child, like him thou shalt not grow,  
With faculties that feebly crawl;  
An ariel-speed thy mind must know,  
Thy heart a love that throbs for all.

Paynim or Jew, it matters not—  
All are thy brethren; all like thee  
Are born unto the common lot,  
Kaiser or beggar, bond or free.

Good is it when our hearts expand  
Beyond the narrow ties of blood,  
Embracing sons of every land  
In one wide bond of brotherhood!

### MARK AKENSIDE.

OH! to be born of that most noble kind,  
Than which none nobler fills the herald's page;  
To hold direct from God a heritage  
That none can wrest from us,—the poet's mind!  
Oh, to stand up the landmarks of all time,  
To which the many-minded multitude  
Turns with one love; to know the great and good  
Are kindred with us in each age and clime!  
To know our thoughts, spoke by a mother's tongue,  
Unto the child that sitteth on her knee,  
The fruitful germ of godlike deed may be!  
This, this is to be great, and greatly sprung!  
—And thou a poet wast; but yet hadst thou  
A loftier poet been, if thou hadst written now!

We were greatly amused, and wondered at it as ignorance, when two old women at Chertsey, from whom we inquired after Cowley's house, adding, that he was a poet, answered us, by exclaiming to each other, "A poet! a poet! what's a poet?" But, really, when I glance over the established list of our British poets between the reigns of Elizabeth and the third George, and see the multitude of mere versifiers—and versifiers too of the most corrupt sentiment—sordid flatterers of the great, and whining worshippers of the Chloe's, Delia's, and Amoret's of the time, I no longer smile at the old women's answer—for the public of two centuries at least have shown, that neither have they rightly known what a poet was.









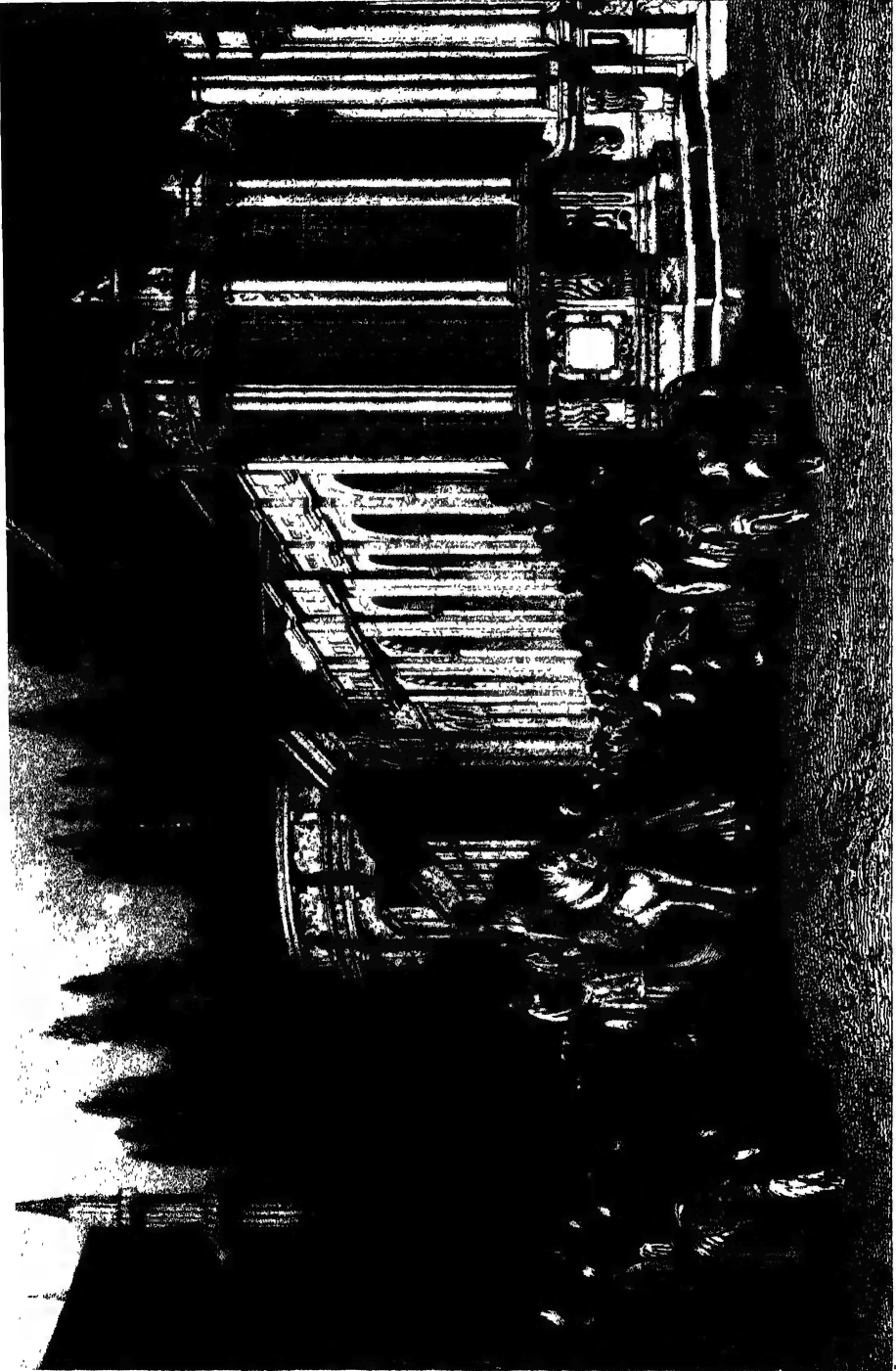
Ford.

R. Woodson.

*Mark Akenoide.*











## THE PROCESSION OF THE SULTAN.

“When a sultan succeeds to the throne, instead of the ceremony of placing a crown on his head, his dignity is conferred by the more appropriate one of girding a sword on the thigh. To this end, the mufti, vizir, and other officers, on horseback, assemble at the seraglio, from whence, accompanied by the sultan, they proceed to the mosque of Eyoub. When they arrive, some celebrated Imaum delivers a discourse exhorting the sultan to the vigorous propagation of Islamism, and the extirpation of infidels. This he swears on the koran to do, and then, ascending a marble tribune, the mufti approaches, and girds on a sword to enable him to perform his promise.

“The time chosen for the illustration is the return of the sultan from the mosque after the ceremony of girding on the sword has been performed”

THROUGH streets of domèd palaces  
That stand apart in garden-plots,  
O’ertopped with spiry cyprus trees,  
And marble-fronted, rich with knots  
Of shells and flowers, and patterns quaint  
In arabesques of golden paint,  
Upon a dim and fretted ground ;  
The sultan passes—murmurs faint,  
That may not burst to louder sound,  
Tell that he beareth on his thigh  
The sacred sword of sovereignty,  
And now in glory rideth by !

I love this pomp of Eastern life,—  
It bringeth back to me  
The splendid visions, the delights,  
The stories of the Thousand Nights—  
First read in infancy !

’Twas in a garden green and cool ;  
’Twas in the summer time,  
When first the book to me was brought ;  
And thenceforth was the world of thought,  
To me an Eastern clime.

Those tales,—they had a genie’s power !  
No slave of lamp or ring  
Like them could build up palaces ;  
Like them from mountains, caves, and seas  
Could thousand wonders bring !



The great Haroun Alraschid then,  
He was a friend of mine !  
I knew the Prince of Tartary ;  
The King of Persia, wise and free,  
He broke the Prophet's law, with me  
To drink the Shiraz wine !

I walked in Bagdad in those days ;  
Damascus had I seen ;  
With merchants gone to Samarcand ;  
And, through the golden Indian land,  
To China had I been !

With me the loveliest ladies dwelt,  
Within a palace-dome,  
Mid gardens standing all apart,  
So green and cool, the very heart  
Of some great sultan's home !

I love this pomp of Eastern life  
It giveth back to me  
The days so full of fresh delights—  
The reading the Arabian Nights  
Beneath our garden-tree !









## TEMPLE AND FOUNTAIN AT ZAGWHAN.

This fountain supplied the great Aqueduct of Carthage; and the Temple, now in ruins, was erected to the tutelar deity of the Spring. The country is singularly lovely, filled with gardens, brooks, giving motion to numerous mills, and white marabets, whose domes show to great advantage amid the dense green foliage.

Of the vacant temple  
Little now remains,  
Lowly are the statues,  
Lowly are the fanes,  
Filled with worshippers no more.  
Heavily the creeper  
Traces its green line  
Round the fallen altar,  
Now no more divine—  
As it was in days of yore,  
In the days of stately Carthage,  
The ocean's earliest queen.

Still the fragrant myrtle,  
And the olive, stand;  
Still the kingly palm-tree  
Clothes the summer land.  
Cool above the gushing rills  
Still there flows the fountain  
From the silent cave,  
Though no more in marble  
Is the silver wave  
Carried o'er the distant hills,  
For the halls of stately Carthage,  
The ocean's earliest queen.

Still there is remaining  
    Something of the past,  
Many a broken column  
    Down to earth is cast,  
            Tangled with the long green grass.  
Yet some graceful arches  
    Green with moss and weeds,  
Tell where stood the altar  
    'Mid the sighing reeds—  
            Sighing, as the night-winds pass,  
            For the doom of stately Carthage,  
            The ocean's earliest queen.

Still the ground is haunted  
    With those other days,  
O'er which memory lingers,  
    While the mind portrays  
            Mighty chiefs and deeds of old.  
Mighty are the shadows  
    Flitting o'er the scene;  
Earth hath sacred places  
    Where the dead have been.  
            Glorious are the names enrolled  
            On the page of stately Carthage,  
            The ocean's earliest queen.

Still their solemn presence  
    Is upon the air;  
And the stars and moonlight  
    Of the past declare—  
            So in other days they shone,  
When the young avenger  
    In the temple stood,  
Calling on the midnight,  
    To hear his vow of blood.  
            Rome nigh trembled on her throne  
            With the wars of stately Carthage,  
            The ocean's earliest queen.

Yet the Roman poet  
    Hallowed with his song,  
Tales of olden warfare,  
    Still have strife and wrong  
            Mourned man's progress over earth.

But the poet lit the darkness  
With a gentle light,  
Calling forth such beauty  
As the morn from night  
Calls to sweet and sudden birth.  
Such lingers around Carthage,  
The ocean's earliest queen.

In yon twilight grotto  
Might the queen complain  
Of the heart's affection,  
Given — and in vain.  
As she mourned will many mourn.  
Why is it the poet's sorrow  
Touches many a heart?  
'Tis the general knowledge  
Claiming each their part.  
Still those numbers sound forlorn,  
Mid the stones of stately Carthage,  
The ocean's earliest queen.

Empire still has followed  
The revolving sun;  
Earth's great onward progress  
In the East begun—  
Ruins, deserts, now are there.  
Downfall waits on triumph:  
Is such fate in store  
For our glorious islands?  
Will our English shore  
Lie as desolate and bare  
As the shores of fallen Carthage,  
The ocean's former queen?

L. E. L.



## PILGRIMS TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

“The rich and the poor,” says Carne, “the proud and the mighty man, were alike subdued as the infant; some beat their breasts, some wept passionately, others unconsciously, as the tears fall sometimes in sleep, as if their past life was opening like a long dream to their view. Many pilgrims leaned on their staffs, with clasped hands and pale faces, as if in pain and unresolved. From many a lip the hymn was breaking, to many a bosom the cross was pressed, and the name of Christ murmured. A number of women were here, some of them ladies, whose sunken features told of long fatigues and journeyings.”

### MOTHER AND CHILD, *approaching the Church.*

CHILD. And we shall see the place where Christ was laid!

MOTHER. The sepulchre where the dear Lord was laid,  
And where the women sought him on the morrow,  
But found him not.

CHILD. And see the stone whereon  
The angel sate that spake unto the women!

MOTHER. And gladdened them with tidings of his rising!

CHILD. I wish I had been there to see the angel—  
An angel with white wings, and in a garden!  
Oh, I can fancy such a pleasant garden  
As ours at home, my mother.

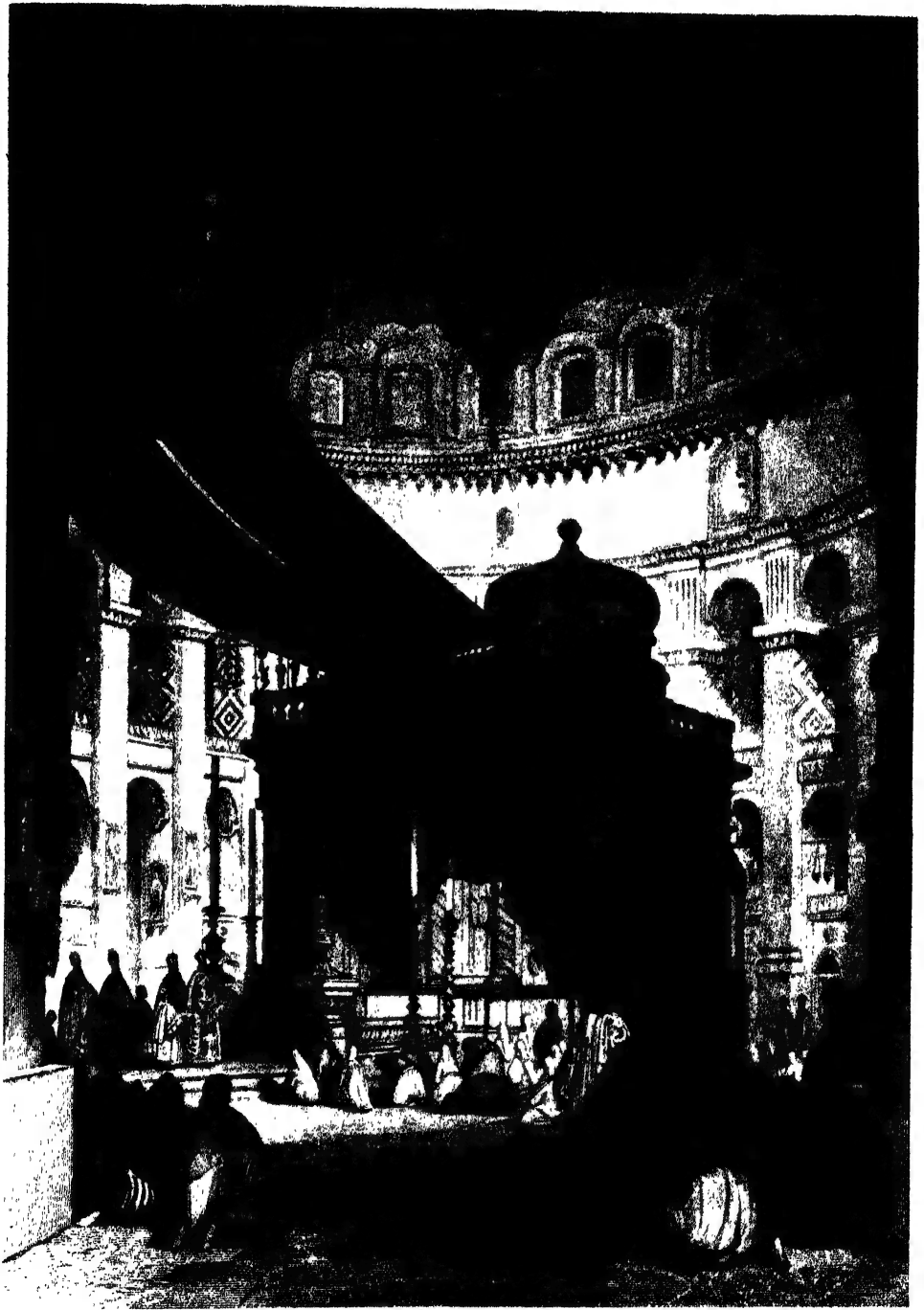
MOTHER. It might be such!  
But now it is a shrine—a holy church,  
Where pilgrims of all nations come to worship  
And lay their sorrows down.

CHILD. As thou wilt thine.  
Thou saidst that it would heal thy griefs, sweet mother,  
Couldst thou but kneel within the sepulchre—  
Couldst thou but kneel where weeping Mary knelt,  
When Christ, upon the morning of his rising,  
Spoke words of love and comfort unto her.  
Yet thou art now so pale, and with faint steps  
Totterest along. Lean on me, my sweet mother,  
I had sound sleep and happy dreams last night,  
And can support thy weakness!

MOTHER. Bless thee, child!  
But we have entered now. Kneel! kneel! and let us pray!

•







CHILD.

Not for myself I pray,  
Sing could I all the day,  
So strong the current of my life's delight ;  
Yet here in tears I bend,  
And on the mourner's Friend,  
Choked with my sobs, do call with all my might !

O Lord ! among the flowers,  
In sunny evening hours,  
How have I sung to thee mine evening song.  
There was no need to call  
On thee for help at all,  
For then our joy was manifest and strong.

But now, but now I fear ;  
And do beseech thee, hear  
My mother's prayer, whate'er that prayer may be !  
O bless her, who hath come  
A pilgrim to thy tomb,  
For, even as Mary, Lord, she loveth thee !

Mother, my prayer is done ! my heart is lightened,  
For that I see a lustre in thine eye,  
A colour on thy cheek as of old time—  
Even such a glow as made thee beautiful  
Before thy sorrow came.

MOTHER. Bless thee, my child !  
Ah, what a healing strength is given by prayer !  
That voice which bade the raging sea be still  
Hath soothed the troubled waters of my soul—  
And here, upon my bended knees, I worship !

CHILD. Mother, thou lookest faint—the colour fades  
From thy dear cheek ! Oh pray to him once more !

MOTHER. I pray, and yet I faint !

CHILD. Smell to these flowers—  
These holy flowers, which from the sacred floor,  
Sprinkled with holy water, I have gathered ;  
There must be virtue in them !

MOTHER. I am faint—  
Oh very faint—pray God it be not death !

CHILD. No, no ! thou canst not die, my precious mother,  
Where the dear Saviour rose to life and glory !

## SIR HENRY HALFORD.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, son of Dr. James Vaughan, a physician of Leicester, was born the second of October, 1766; he received his education at Rugby, and went afterwards to Christ-Church College, Oxford, at which University he graduated. In March, 1795, he married the Hon. Elizabeth Barbara St. John, third daughter of John, eleventh Earl of St. John.

Sir Henry was at this period not less distinguished by his learning than by the elegance of his manners. He rose rapidly into notice as a medical practitioner, and became a favourite in the circles of rank and fashion. He was appointed by George III. one of the royal physicians. This monarch also, after recovering from his first insanity, during which unhappy time he appears to have been treated with severity, requested Sir Henry Halford, in case of the malady recurring, to take charge of him. Very soon afterwards the disorder returned, and the care of his majesty was committed to Sir Henry and two other physicians. The Prince of Wales, then Regent, reposed great confidence in him; and when he afterwards became monarch, Sir Henry was retained as his physician. He held the same office under William IV., and has the honour of still holding it under our present sovereign, Queen Victoria;—thus has Sir Henry been physician to four successive sovereigns. No other physician has attained such honour. Caius was physician to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Sir Theodore Mayerne to Henry V., Louis XIII., and James of England. Ambrose Parè was surgeon to Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.

Almost every member of the royal family, from the time of George III. has been under the care of Sir Henry Halford. In consideration of his attentions to the Duke of York, certain augmentations and supporters were granted to the arms of Sir Henry; and upon the death of George IV. a very splendid clock, surmounted with a bust of his majesty, was presented to him by the royal family.

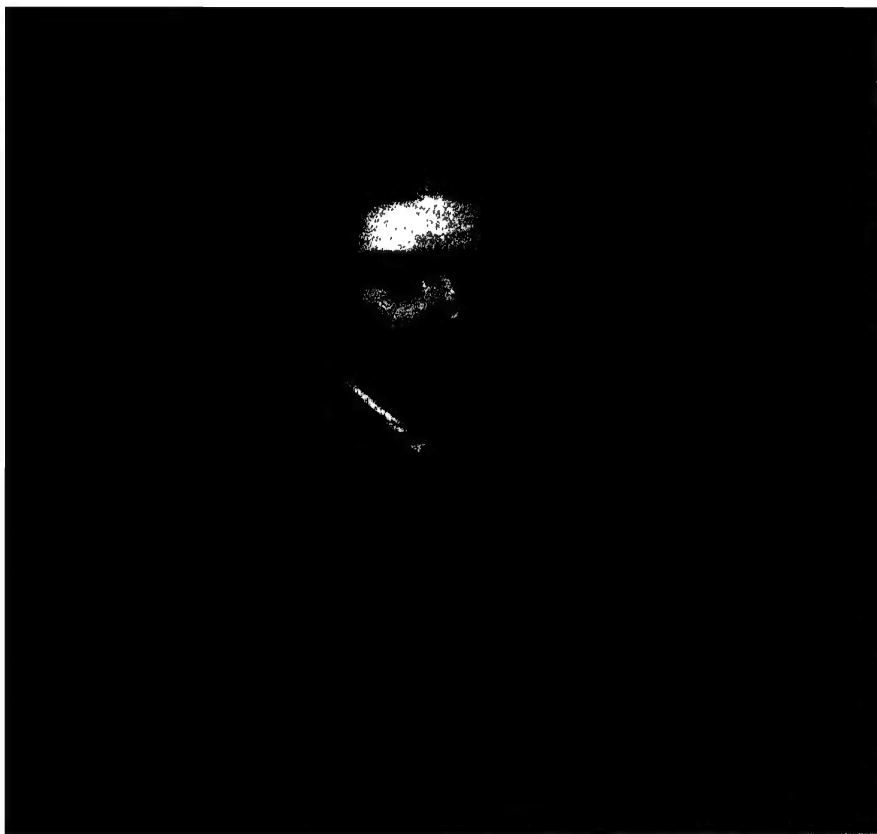
Sir Henry received from George IV. the honour of Knight-Commander of the Guelphic Order, and from King William IV. the further distinction of Grand Cross of the same order. He is a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and attached to many other literary and scientific institutions. He has filled the chair of the Royal College of Physicians during eighteen years; he is also one of the Trustees of the British Museum.

By the death of his mother's uncle, Sir Charles Halford, of the county of Leicester, he became possessed of an ample fortune; and changed his name in 1809, by act of parliament, from Vaughan to Halford, and by royal favour a baronetcy was conferred upon him in September of the same year.









*Henry Bell*







W. I. Lynch

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

J. Lucide





## GRECIAN TEMPLE AT SEGESTA.

“ It is joy to think that in every age,  
However much the world was wrong therein,  
The greatest works of mind or hand have been  
Done unto God.”

*Another Scene of “ Festus.”*

Down from a lofty stand Acestes came,  
When hither adverse winds Æneas bore,  
What time Queen Dido lit her funeral flame  
Upon the Carthage shore.

Here then was a fair city all astir  
With human life! How different is it now,  
The only landmark to the mariner,  
The mountain's barren brow!

A fair and sumptuous city then stood here,  
Lifting its marble forehead o'er the sea,  
And glittering in the sunny atmosphere,  
With calm, white masonry.

A joyous city of old time, for then  
Was chariot race and gladiatorial show;  
And in the theatre fair dames and men  
Sat thronged in many a row.

A pious city of old time, for still  
Standeth the temple of their god hard by,  
Upon the bosom of a lordly hill,  
Open unto the sky!

How different now! The mountains' treeless tops,  
The aloe on the precipice's edge,  
And the wild goat, with plaintive cry, that drops  
From craggy ledge to ledge.



These are the daily features of the place,  
And with them doth the herd familiar grow;  
Nor little reck's he of an ancient race  
Three thousand years ago!

Beneath his feet thick generations lie;  
And from the shore unto the loftiest mound,  
Some human love, or woe, or piety,  
Hath made all holy ground.

And here was dance and shout and festive throng;  
And going up to worship at the fane  
With wreaths of flowers and chanted choral song,  
And pipes of wildest strain.

But these live only in the poet's mind,—  
The shrill cicada in the shepherd's path,  
And running waters, varying with the wind,  
Are all the voice it hath.

The people and the city of their pride,  
Perish together 'neath the thymy sod;  
Alone remain the mountains bare and wide,  
And temple of the god!

The silent temple of a creed outworn!  
Upon the bosom of that lordly hill,  
Sacred to Him of whom all faith is born,  
Like a religious thought it standeth still!

"The beautiful Doric Temple of Segesta is the most perfect example of Grecian architecture now surviving in Sicily, and believed to be coeval with the Temple of Minerva at Syracuse. It stands in solitary grandeur on the brow of a hill that rises abruptly at the head of the rude valley of Segesta, the castellated mountain of Catalasimi terminating and commanding the wild scene. The temple rests upon an artificial basement, or torus, 180 feet in length by 76 in breadth, approached by broad and well-proportioned steps. The noble peristyle of thirty-six large columns, each twenty-seven feet in height, is still entire, one shaft only having sustained any injury. This glorious type of the genius of by-gone days, by the inimitable beauty of its design, and the sublimity of the surrounding scenery, has won the vigilant care of the Sicilian government."





Fig. 1. J. K. K. K.

Fig. 2. J. K. K. K.





## THE SHIPWRECKED PIRATE.

A TALE FOR A WINTER'S NIGHT.

THEY gave a picture to my hand ;  
“ And tell us, for you know,” they said,  
My little merry, household band,—  
“ What meaneth it, a storm-beat strand ;  
Two robber-looking men ; a tall,  
Stern woman, yet majestic ;  
And one young man who seemeth dead.”

“ The story is in Scott,” I said,  
“ And she, the woman stern and strong,  
Is Norna of the Fitful Head ;  
And that young man who seemeth dead,  
Is captain of a pirate-bark,  
Whom would despoil a vile land-shark :  
We'll read the story through, erelong.

“ But come, it is a winter's night,  
An evening fit for story-telling ;  
The lamp unlit ; the fireside bright ;  
A story now I will recite,  
Which in my youth to me was told,  
About a woman stern and old,  
Who near the Land's End had her dwelling.

“ Like Norna's was the form she bore ;  
’Twas said she came of that old race,  
Who reigned in Cornwall when of yore  
The Carthaginians sought the shore ;  
Like Norna, too, a creed she held,  
Which christian worship had expelled ;  
And bore with her from place to place,

“ Idols of silver and of tin,  
    To which, 'twas said, her vows were paid ;  
Nor, 'mid the tempest's stormiest din,  
Dwelt she a human home within,  
But 'mong the cairn's uncoffined bones,  
And 'neath the druid rocking-stones,  
    Her lonesome dwelling-place she made.

“ And well she knew when storm was nigh ;  
    And, stedfast as the granite blocks,  
That on the seaward margin lie,  
With rigid form and stony eye,  
She stood, amid the rack and surge,  
Upon the Land's End's farthest verge,  
    As stedfast as the granite rocks.

“ And homebound seamen feared her more,—  
    The woman of the lone Land's End,—  
Than piping wind, or cannon's roar,  
Or breakers on an unknown shore,  
For seeing her their hearts gave way,  
Nor even strength of arm had they  
    The dreaded danger to forefend.

“ And wreckers, fierce and desperate men,  
    Who lived by plunder on that coast,  
They, only they, were joyful when  
The woman sought the rocks ; and then  
They lit false fires, and for their work  
Armed them with pistol and with dirk,  
    Nor waited till the ship was lost.

“ In years long past, what need to say,  
    This aged woman had been young ;  
Yet ere her youth had passed away,  
Her cheek was pale, her hair was grey ;  
And agony and shame and fear  
Had made her young life's blossom sere ;  
    Her brain had unto madness stung.

“ The dreary tale I did not learn,—  
    But this is true, there was a child  
Who dwelt with her, and smiles could earn,  
Among the crags of granite stern,

A child, who, ere he grew a man,  
A dark and desperate course began,  
And was by wicked men beguiled.

“ Perchance she had been crazed before ;  
But now her wronged affections wrought  
A deeper madness than of yore ;  
She garnered up forbidden lore,  
And practised many a rite profane,  
With blood, ’twas said, of victim slain ;  
And men believed what madness taught.

“ They saw, amid the cloudy rack,  
Huge-limbed and dark her floating form ;  
And seamen on their outward track,  
Paid her for prosperous voyage back ;  
And wreckers when they stripped their prey,  
The richest jewels stowed away  
For her, the priestess of the storm !

“ Like Norna of the Fitful Head,  
Her son was wrecked upon the shore ;—  
The wreckers found him seeming dead ;  
They took the life which had not fled ;  
And to the wandering woman sent,  
An antique golden ornament,  
Which round about his neck he wore.

“ The antique ornament she knew ;—  
And none her after fate can say :  
Though many a one will swear ’tis true,  
Her floating form hath met his view,  
Amid the driving mist and surge,  
Upon the Land’s End’s farthest verge,  
As stony as the granite grey ;  
And that her muttered spells and moans  
Are heard among the rocking-stones,  
Even to this very day !”



## THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

Not through the quiet shadows of our vale  
Have I pursued thy path—thy God's and thine;  
Not where the violet rises on the gale—  
Not where the green fields in the summer shine.

White was our little dwelling, and around  
Were kindred, ancient friends, and countrymen;  
Not often did it know a ruder sound  
Than when the childlike brook laughed through the glen.

We left our country, and we left our home,  
For other stranger lands beyond the sea,  
Thou, at the bidding of thy God, to roam,  
Strong in thy faith—and I to follow thee.

The wild woods heard our voices, and the name  
Of the Redeemer, till that hour unknown—  
Praises and prayers amid the desert came,  
Stirring its depths with their eternal tone.

Men who till then had never known the voice  
Which murmured at their hearts of awe and fear,  
Now knew it called upon them to rejoice,  
And felt the presence of their God was near.

Has not the rosy morning heard our hymn,  
Heralding in the labours of the day?  
And when the twilight's purple shades were dim  
Our tasks were closed with words that praise and pray.

Be this the omen of all coming time,  
So spread Thy word from rise to set of sun—  
Till the one God be known from clime to clime,  
And the great work of Christian love be done.

L. E. L.





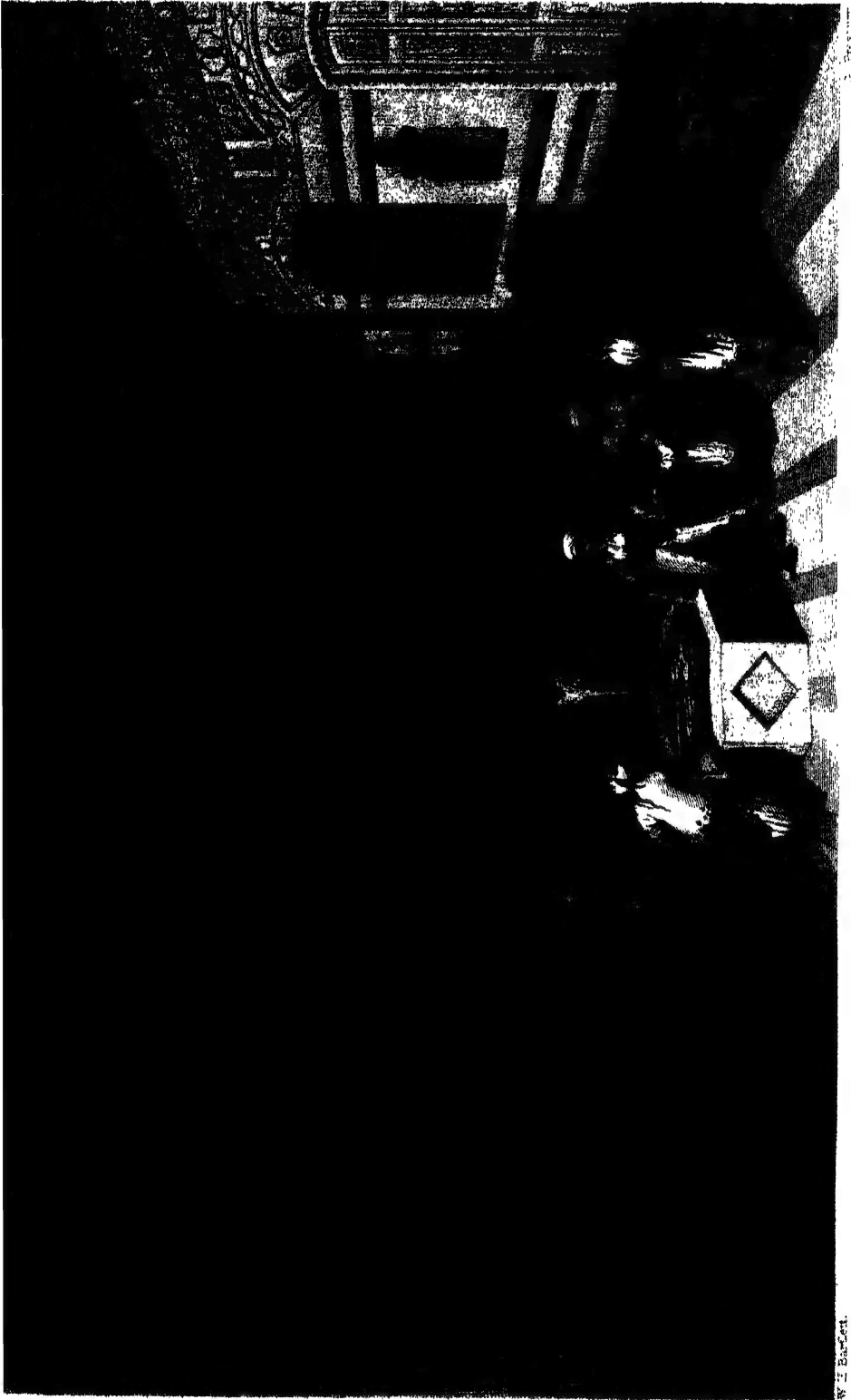


John G. Saxe (1850-1900)

John G. Saxe (1850-1900)













## TURKISH LADIES AT HOME.

LET us not hold them as of light account,  
Because they are with their estate content;  
Nor censure them for time but idly spent,  
Who our "book-learning" rate at small amount.

They pity us because on foot we roam,  
And with unveiled faces in the street  
Are open to the gaze of all we meet,  
And must receive our husbands' friends at home.

Thus judge we of each other, taking note  
Only of that wherein a difference lies;  
Broad ground is there for common sympathies—  
The woman's heart that loves and wavers not;

Pity, and generous faith and tenderness;  
Fervent religion, woman's noblest pride;  
And those her little natural faults beside—  
Her love of scandal and her love of dress!

"The plate represents a divan in a family of distinction. The waters of the fountain in the middle of the marble floor, murmuring softly day and night, give a refreshing coolness to the air. The more elevated part of the saloon is the most select as well as luxurious; the three cushions which are above the others, mark on the two corners the seats of honour. The lady who reclines, indolently clasping her rich white veil, is the very emblem of Damascene fastidiousness and aristocracy."

## A NIGHT-SCENE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

NIGHT with her thousand stars comes down ;  
The moon is full and fair,  
And hangeth like a radiant crown  
Amid the summer air.  
There is no sound of strife or woe ;  
Even as an infant's breath,  
The world's great pulse beats calm and low ;  
Of pain and fear I will not know :  
There can be nought that meaneth ill  
Where all is beautiful and still !—  
Then tell me not of death !

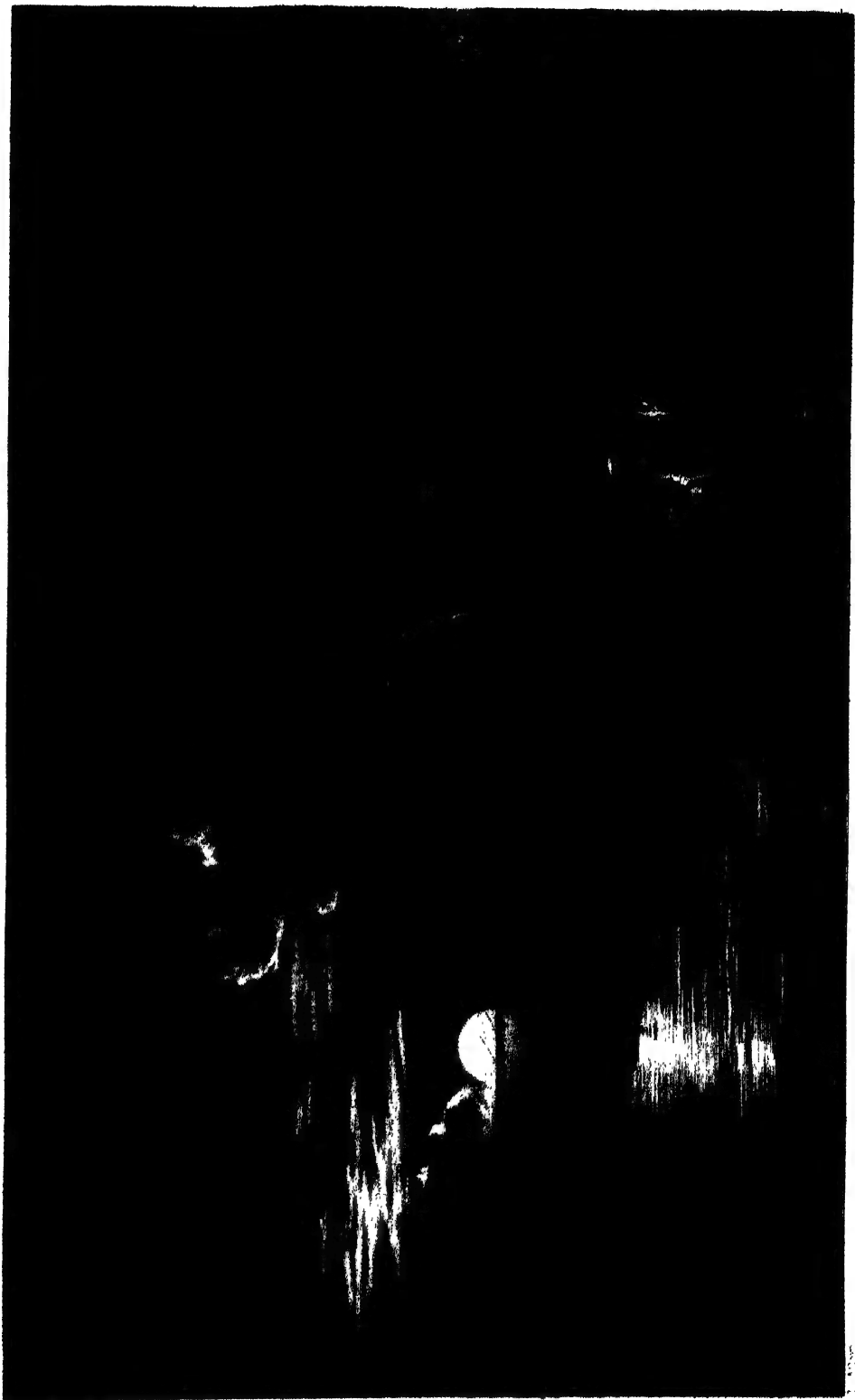
O Night, thou art a time of rest,  
Of blissful dreams and peace :  
An emblem of that kingdom blest  
Where pain and labour cease !  
Above is God's protecting arm,  
Which all repose beneath !  
The little child sleeps safe and warm,  
There needeth not a thought of harm,  
For angels poised on folded wings  
Watch o'er and keep all slumbering things !  
—Then tell me not of death !

God made the night for peaceful sleep  
With darkness curtained in—  
Man maketh it a tophet deep  
Of misery and sin !  
—The moon is in the heavens above ;  
Soft blows the night-wind's breath ;  
All round is calm as trusting love !  
But hark !—what sounds are those that move  
The heart to terror !—what are they !—  
Wild cries of suffering and dismay,  
And wilder shrieks of death !

“ The scene represented is on the Sea of Marmora, below the walls of the Seraglio. When sentence of death is passed on an inmate of the Seraglio, the strangled person is brought down to a kiosk on the sea-wall, whence a window opens on the water. In the dead of night the body is consigned to its watery grave. The sudden splash is sometimes accompanied by the discharge of a gun not far distant, and the mournful silence of the surrounding scene is broken by a solemn sound, which comes booming over the water as the knell of the departed.”















J. Colman sc.

THE LADY OF THE PALACE.

WILKINSON, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1840.





## THE LADY OF THE PALACE.

In an old brick palace,  
Following her sweet will,  
Lived the youthful Genevieve—  
There she liveth still.

She is richly beautiful,  
As a rose in May ;  
And in costliest garments  
Dresseth every day.

Sisters none, nor brothers  
Are there of her race,  
She is only mistress  
Of that lordly place.

Of that old brick palace,  
And its gardens rare,  
Patterned into flower-beds,  
Lozenge, heart, and square.

Only she is mistress  
Of jewels rich and bright,  
Which for many ages  
Have been hid from sight.

Collars gemmed and massy,  
Worn by men of old ;  
Rings, and chains, and bracelets,  
And thick belts of gold !

Only she is mistress,  
Of old books and wise,  
Full of dainty pictures,  
And sweet pleasantries.

None but she may enter  
That old room and still,  
And volume after volume  
Take down as she will.

Morn, or noon, or midnight,  
What she wills is done;  
For in that great palace,  
She is queen alone.

Never famed enchantress  
Had more wealth or power;  
Yet one little sadness,  
Troubles every hour.

She grows tired of counting  
Jewelled belt and ring:  
Music when none listen,  
Is a weary thing!

Books, however witty,  
Or however wise,  
Pall; and constant reading  
Dimmeth youthful eyes!

She grows tired of looking  
In her mirror bright;  
Tired of caring for herself  
From the morn till night!

Where is then the wooer,  
Young and true, and bold,  
Ready for adventure,  
As a knight of old?

If there be such suitor,  
In this modern day,  
Let him ride a-wooing,  
None shall say him nay!





•





## VILLAGE OF KHANDOO.

'Tis morning, and the golden sun  
Hath lit the peaks of Choor,  
Hath waked the village of the hills,  
Where dwell the Parias poor.

The Parias poor!—those words recall  
That tale to childhood dear,  
That tale so wise and beautiful  
Of Bernardin St. Pierre.

And with its memory cometh back  
The pleasant past to me ;  
The pious Paria's hut we made  
Beneath our laurel tree.

And how with maize and palmy plants  
We filled that garden nook ;  
And bore the aloe there, because  
It had a foreign look.

And bended down unto the earth  
Each taller laurel-shoot,  
That, like the Paria's Indian-fig,  
They might again take root.

And everlasting-peas we set,  
Among the boughs to twine ;  
And fancied them, oh fond deceit,  
The liane and the vine !

And on the ground so summer-dry,  
In Indian guise we sat,  
With a little dog curled lovingly  
Beside us on the mat.

And she, my childhood's gentle mate,  
She was my bramin-bride,  
And strung red berries while she rocked  
The cradle at her side.

We deemed not any ills of life  
Against us could prevail ;  
Nor lightning strike our laurel tree ;\*  
Nor driving rain nor hail  
Could penetrate !—Oh, days of youth,  
Ye are like a fairy-tale !

—And this an Indian village is,  
And these are Parias poor,  
Who have their lowly dwellings made  
Among the hills of Choor !

Here cometh not the native prince  
In glittering march, and slow,  
A day's-length train, with elephants,  
Gold-houdahed, white as snow.

Nor pandect with his ancient books ;  
Nor bramin proud comes here ;  
Nor, with white vest and wreathed brow,  
The dancing bayadere !

Nor European, whose sole thought  
Is, how to buy and sell !  
Uncared for in these mountain plains,  
The hated Parias dwell.

\* “ Comment êtes-vous si tranquille au milieu d'un si terrible orage ? Vous n'êtes cependant à couvert que par un arbre, et les arbres attirent la foudre ? ” “ Jamais, ” repondit le Paria, “ la foudre n'est tombée sur un figuier des banians. ” “ Voila qui est fort curieux, ” reprit le docteur, “ c'est sans doute parceque cet arbre a une électricité négative comme le laurier. ” It was not without reason therefore that we formed our “ Chaumière Indienne ” under the boughs of the laurel.

Yet for their wishes and their wants  
How little may suffice,  
A hand-mill and a calabash,  
Water and fire and rice !

Despised, and miserably poor,  
Yet cheerfully they live,  
And thankful, as if gifts were given,  
To be allowed to give !

Well, life is but a summer-day,  
And death a passing cloud ;  
And Europe's sons they worship gold,  
And Brama's race is proud ;—

But, Paria, long as generous deeds  
To youthful hearts are dear,  
We'll love thee, for that story told  
By Bernardin St. Pierre !

“ The site of Khandoo is at an elevation of 9000 feet above the level of the sea. The principal building in the village, a religious edifice, differs little in character from the generality of temples dedicated to the numerous deities of the Himalaya. It is rather more lofty than the rest of the houses : the cornices are decorated with a fringe of wooden bobbins, and the timber employed in its construction is rather elaborately carved. Generally it is not difficult for European travellers in want of such accommodation to obtain a lodging in the outer vestibule of a temple, but in some places the villagers will not permit these holy shrines to be thus desecrated.”

## CARDINAL ALLEN.

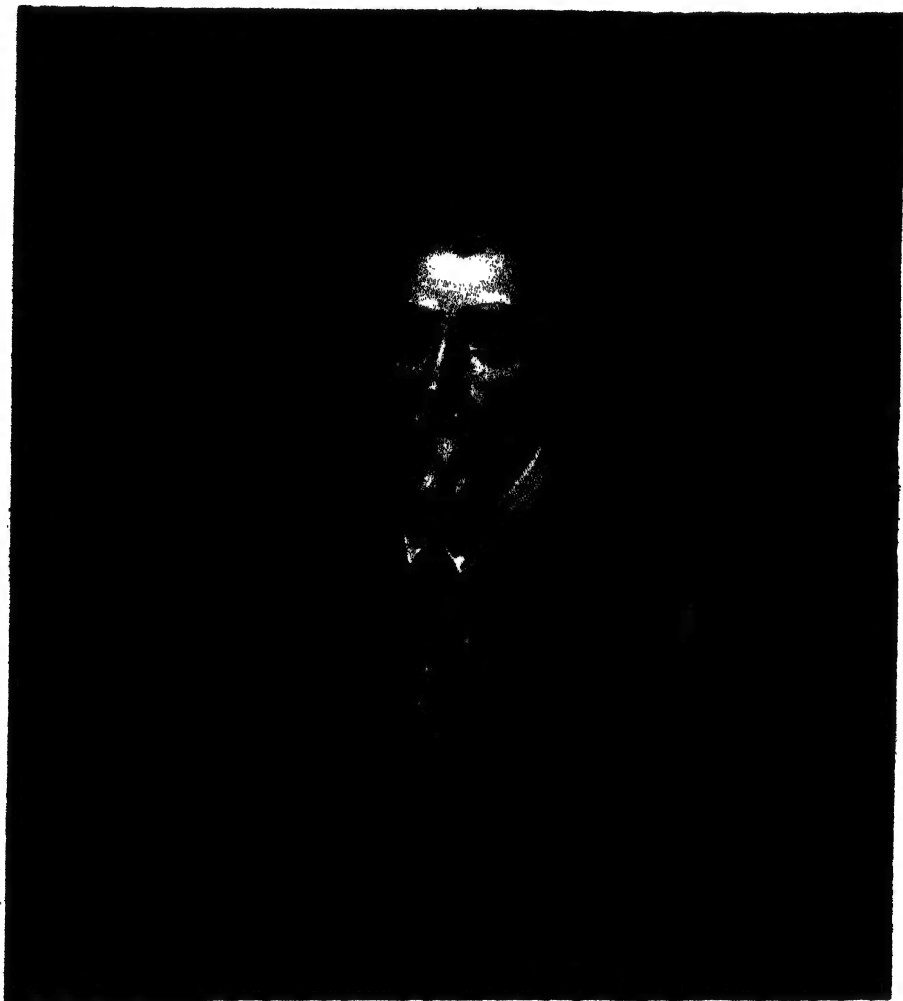
DR. WILLIAM ALLEN, Cardinal of England, and Archbishop of Mechlin, was born in the parish of Poulton in the Fylde, Lancashire, in 1532, and entered at Oriel College, Oxford, in his 15th year. In consequence of his great reputation as a man of learning and eloquence, at the age of twenty-four he became Principal of Mary Hall. In 1558 he was made Canon of York, but, refusing the oaths on the accession of Elizabeth, he forfeited his fellowship, and in 1560 retired to the Catholic college of Louvain, where he wrote his "Defence of the Catholics concerning Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead," in answer to Bishop Jewell. This work turned the attention of the English Catholics to its author, in consequence of which he returned to England, and employed himself, not without danger, to advance the cause of the deposed faith. After three years, however, he was compelled to leave the country; and then, supported by a pension from Pope Sixtus the Fifth, he opened a seminary at Douay for English scholars. The English council, however, obtained from the government of the Spanish Netherlands the dissolution of this college; and Allen, having put himself under the protection of the House of Guise, and being made Canon of Rheims, established a seminary in that city. He now became the head of the English party abroad, and published several works, of which the violent and openly-avowed sentiments caused him to be regarded at home as the enemy of his country; yet although his endeavours to overturn the English government and the Protestant faith were unsuccessful, he received the title of Cardinal of St. Martin in Montibus, and was made, by the King of Spain, Archbishop of Mechlin.

So greatly, however, was he in favour with the Pope, that he was not permitted to leave Rome, but passed the remainder of his days there in great splendour; nevertheless, towards the close of his life, he materially altered some of his opinions, and lamented the part he had acted towards his native country.

He died 6th of October, 1594, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was interred with great pomp in the chapel of the English church of the Holy Trinity, at Rome, where a monument was erected to his memory.







ENGRAVED BY T. JENKINS FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE M. HENSLER, OXFORD, 1878

W. H. L. S. N. G. J. W. R. H. B. 75

ARCHIVES OF MICHIGAN













## FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRAM.

IN cotton vest the people throng,  
With brazen noise of horn and gong,  
And most discordant clangour sent  
From many a horned instrument ;  
A hundred thousand people all  
To grace these rites funereal.

From India's mountains they have hied ;  
Have sailed adown the Ganges' tide ;  
From inland cities, vast and old,  
The stream of human life hath rolled !  
And here they come. Proud Brama's race  
As priests and leaders, first in place ;  
And lean of frame, of brow austere,  
The miserable, dark Fakeer :  
And with spare vest, and visage wild.  
The Paria and his wife and child ;—  
A hundred thousand people all,  
To grace these rites funereal !

Yet not alone to grace this rite,  
Shall meet the multitude to-night.  
A hatred of the Christian sway  
To every heart hath found its way,  
And Brama's son and dark Fakeer,  
Have whispered words that all may hear ;  
Have told of signs in earth and sky,  
And many an ancient prophecy,  
Which mark this for a night of sighs  
Unto the prophet's enemies ;  
Unto the strangers strong and bold,  
Who sit on India's throne of gold !

And now this eager throng doth come,  
With sound of horn and gong and drum,  
And most discordant music sent  
From mouth of hornèd instrument,  
Impatient all till day be done  
And rites of vengeance be begun.

'Twas vain ! The Christian power, though built  
On blood and rapine, woe and guilt ;  
And though such deeds of cruel shame  
Are done in Christ's most blessed name,  
As almost blast the eye to see ;  
Yet God permits it still to be ;  
And out of this great sin will plan  
Some good beyond the power of man !  
'Twas vain therefore ;—and back they fled—  
The thousands so discomforted ;  
Unto their mountains back they went,  
In silence, or with low lament ;  
Three days beheld them come and go,  
Like tempest-driven summer snow !  
Then inland city, far-off plain,  
Had swallowed up this host again ;  
And British rule, though red with blood,  
Was left to govern as it would !

" Houssein and Hoossein were brothers, descendants of the Prophet; and heirs of the Caliphate. Unable to withstand the treachery and the usurping ambition of Ayseed, who aspired to the throne of their ancestors, they were destroyed in their attempt to uphold their power, and are regarded as martyrs to the faith. To commemorate their martyrdom, and to celebrate anew their funeral obsequies, this festival is held for ten days in their sacred month Mohurram. During its continuance every kind of labour is suspended; the devotees of the Koran give themselves up at one time to mourning, and at another to mirth and festivity: temporary houses are erected in every direction, to celebrate the orgies; crowds of people, dressed in the most fantastic forms, their bodies besmeared with ashes, accompanied with music, and going through the most ludicrous dances, perambulate the streets, and, to obtain gifts, visit the houses of the rich and the affluent; the adherents of Houssein often quarrel, and engage in fierce conflict with the worshippers of Hoossein; feats of strength are performed, and fireworks and other exhibitions are got up, to amuse European spectators; while scenes of carnage have been known to close the solemnities."

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"They found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors."	HOUBRAKEN.	"He wrote in King Ahasuerus' name."	MELVILLE.
"Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child."	COFFEY.	PART V.	
PART II.		"Cast out the bond-woman and her Son."	GUERCINO.
"Moses smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly."	POUSSIN.	"And Jephthah came to Mizpeh."	MELVILLE.
"The destruction of Achan and his children in the valley of Achor."	MELVILLE.	"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk"	POUSSIN.
"And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak."	OVERBECK.	PART VI.	
PART III.		"Samson betrayed by Delilah."	RUBENS.
"The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."	FRANKLIN.	"Then said Boaz to Ruth, Go not to glean in another field"	WHEATLEY.
"And the Angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven."	MOLA.	"His head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel"	GUERCINO.
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